The Woman Hater

John Alexander Hugh Cameron

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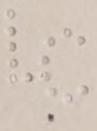
THE WOMAN HATER

BY

JOHN ALEXANDER HUGH CAMERON

AUTHOR OF "A COLONEL FROM WYOMING"



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TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

HON. DUNCAN CAMERON FRASER, LL.D., D.C.L.,

Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia,

NOBLE-HEARTED AND BELOVED,

THIS LITTLE WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

If your curiosity has been aroused by the title of this little book, satisfy that curiosity by reading the little book through. It cannot do you any harm, and there is a possibility that it may do you some good.

MONTREAL,
September 21, 1912.

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THE WOMAN HATER

CHAPTER I.

THE BACKWOODS UNIVERSITY.

At best Bill Bones was long and lean, but the day he tottered back into the editorial rooms of *The New York Thunderer,* after his discharge from Bellevue Hospital, where he lay seriously ill with typhoid for several weeks, he looked unusually long, lean, emaciated, cadaverous: his clothes seemed three sizes too large for him; his bright, piercing, dark-blue eyes were popping out of his head; and the skin of his face seemed to be stretched to the bursting point over a long, aquiline nose which looked longer and sharper than usual.

Bones was as clever a reporter as there was in New York. He was thirty-three years of age, and had served over sixteen years on various journals throughout the United

States. He was no puppy, with a frisk, and a bound, and a bark; he was a full-grown bloodhound with an unerring scent for news.

"Send Bill Bones," a leading editor once remarked, when some problem of unusual interest awaited solution. "If Bill Bones doesn't come back with news, it's because there's none going. Why, if Bill can't see through the crack under the door, or through the keyhole, he'll look right through the wall, whether it be of brick or of wood. Send Bill."

Bill could be sent anywhere now. He was almost thin enough to crawl through the crack under a door, or to enter a room by a keyhole. The poor fellow was not strong enough to go back to work, but his pockets were empty, and there was a wolf, lean like himself, howling at the door.

Sitting at his desk, he took from his coat pocket a large handkerchief with which he mopped up the cold beads of perspiration that stood out on his forehead. He was deathly pale; his eyes ached, and everything about him seemed to be going around. The editor sent for him as soon as he heard he was back, and Bones half staggered into the sanctum of his chief.

"See here, Bill," protested the kind-

hearted editor-in-chief, "you must not come back to work so soon. It isn't fair. You must rest."

Bones turned his empty pockets inside out.

The editor understood, and taking a cheque-book from his desk, wrote out a cheque for five hundred dollars.

"Here, Bones," he said, handing Bill the money. "You are too useful a man to run any risks. Take a couple of months off. Go north where it's cool. Get away from the click of the telegraph instrument, the rattle of the typewriter, the noise of the press, and the smell of ink—get away from the bustle and dust of the city. Go up to Cape Breton, and when you are feeling stronger, if you come across anything of interest up there, you might dash off a few paragraphs for us. Good-bye, now, old boy, and take the best possible care of yourself."

"Thank you," said Bones, who was never effusive. "I greatly appreciate your kindness."

One evening, four days later, a tall, lean-looking man stepped off the train at Iona, Cape Breton, where he took the little steamer *Neptune* for far-famed Baddeck. His face was thin and pale, his eyes were bright and blue, his nose was long and sharp; it was

Bones, of *The Thunderer*—Bill Bones, New York.

Bones was not in humour for appreciating scenery, no matter how beautiful. He had a typhoid appetite, and longed for his supper; but an hour later, when the *Neptune* reached the wharf at Baddeck, another instinct took possession of him—the reporter's undying instinct for news.

With the unerring scent of an old newspaper bloodhound, he sniffed a short, thick-set man, with a closely-cropped, grizzly beard, who was in charge of a trim little steam yacht—an old salt with a kindly, good-natured, sun-browned face—one of the most interesting characters he had ever met—and he forgot all about his supper.

"Who's that?" he asked eagerly, pointing to the man standing in the wheelhouse of the *Lady Eileen.*

"That's Captain Roderick," was the answer.

"I must meet him," he said, making his way through a group of loiterers to where the yacht was tied.

"Captain Roderick!" he called out to the man in the wheelhouse.

"You've certainly got the advantage of me," said the sea-dog.

"I'm Bones, of *The Thunderer*—Bill Bones, New York."

Captain Roderick grasped the cold, skinny hand extended him.

"Bill," he laughed, looking at *The Thunderer's* long, aquiline nose; "Bones," he added, with a chuckle, taking a quick glance all over the lean, emaciated, bony specimen of humanity before him. "No doubt!"

Bones laughed, if the parting of thin lips and the bending in of the tip of a long nose can be called laughing.

"How long will you be in port, Captain?"

"Until noon to-morrow."

"May I call to see you again?"

"Certainly," said the sea-dog. "Come any time."

Bones left for the Fairview Hotel. His typhoid appetite had been gnawing all the while. He ate a hearty supper, and immediately returned to the yacht. A bottle of Scotch whiskey and a box of Havana cigars forthwith made their appearance, and *The Thunderer's* convalescent began to feel very much at home. He found something thoroughly refreshing about this shrewd, blunt Scotchman—this typical descendant of those hardy pioneers who crossed the Atlantic to Cape Breton over fourscore years

before, making homes for themselves in pathless forests of birch and spruce and maple—this rugged, full-blooded representative of those brave Scottish Highlanders, with their undying love for deep, sunless glens, and wild, storm-swept mountains—this quaint, picturesque sea-dog, with a heart overflowing with kindness, yet possessing much of that peculiar wildness and fierceness and lawlessness which must have come with the blood, as it flowed down through the centuries from the remnant of the great Celtic race, unconquered and untouched by Roman or Saxon or Danish invasion.

As a matter of course, *The Thunderer's* irrepressible had made enquiries at the hotel concerning Captain Roderick, and was informed that the smuggler was a very active politician. It was only natural, therefore, that the reporter should bring up the subject of politics.

"They tell me you are up to your eyes in politics, Captain," said Bones, after sharpening his pencil and getting out his note-book. "How in the world did this happen?"

"How?" repeated the smuggler. "Wait till I tell you how my Scotch fightin' blood got boilin', and then you'll know. Cape Breton's head became swelled with the Back-

woods University craze; fact, the stomach of the whole province became more or less congested with it. A Harvard, or a Yale, or a Johns Hop-skins, at uvery cross-roads throughout the length and breadth of Nova Scotia, was rather strong diet for the poor, misfortunate Land of the Mayflower.

"'Consolidate the schools,' the dull, gray harbingers of the new dawn were shoutin'. 'Consolidate the rural schools, you pilgrims of ignorance,' they kept sayin'. 'The shadow of intellectual darkness has too long been flappin' its dusky wings over such prolific, intellectual soil. Just let yourself loose,' they says, 'and the revival of learnin' inaugurated in this glorious land will rise up and spill over the whole surroundin' country.'

"'How'll you do it?' some poor, misguided pilgrims had the audacity to ask.

"'Why,' they says, 'we'll convert two, four, six, or eight rural school-sections into one magnificent university campus; we'll provide up-to-date school accommodation; we'll consolidate the revenues used in the up-keep of those mean little cabins you have at present; we'll tap the inexhaustible revenue fund of the province,' they says, 'and we'll draw freely therefrom the necessary money to invest in the glorious experiment.'

"They might have added, too, Bones, and perhaps they did under their breath, that they'd draw largely upon the uverlastin' credulity of the people.

"The next question to come up was the transportation of the poor children of the exiles of the Land o' the Heather from the various points of any given ten-mile university campus to the glorious institution itself. How was this to be done?

"'By vans,' was the prompt reply. 'In summer,' they says, 'the children that are wheat will be sardined with the children that are cockle into a summer-van with a top sufficient to cut off the blue of our matchless heavens, and with adjustable side-curtains that will be sufficient either to keep out the humidity of the atmosphere or to protect the wheat and the cockle from the prevailin' zephyrs; and in winter,' they says, 'the very sight of the winter-van would be sufficient to cure chronic rheumatism.'

"'Just reflect,' they says, 'on the unspeakable privilege of seein' the talented children of this glorious country baskin' in the learnin' of the laboratories that will be flung wide open; of perceivin' them swimmin' in the extensive seas of domestic and mechanical science; nay, more,' they says, 'of beholdin'

them flappin' their uncultured pinions on the dizzy heights of culture. All these things will come to pass,' they says, 'and more,' they says.

"That sort of cacklin' was goin' on all over the province. In due course it reached the peaceful surroundings of Big Frog Pond, one day about the first of June, and had the effect of ticklin' the wool in the ears of some of our poor, misguided people. So, between a few of the aristocrats of Bogville, Dogdale, Hogville, and Pigdale, with highly developed pet-lamb proclivities for buttin' in, and some of the rural aristocrats around Big Frog Pond and Little Frog Pond, with an ambition to see our Scotch progeny lookin' like the childrens' page in the catalogue of a departmental store after comin' to life, a petition was got up which prayed to the District School Board for the establishment of a Backwoods University, a veritable Johns Hop-skins, on the wind-swept outskirts of Big Frog Pond, by consolidatin' the school sections of Big Frog Pond, Little Frog Pond, Spruceville, and Juniperville, a district ten miles square.

"The iniquitous prayer of the bob-tailed minority was granted, despite the efforts of the level-headed majority who prayed long

and loud in a counter-petition, settin' forth reasons why the peaceful, weak-eyed citizens livin' along the shores of the world-famous Bras d'Or Lakes should not be suddenly ushered into the dazzlin' light of the new day that was dawnin'.

"Jo For Short was one of those who prayed for the new civilization: Jo Joey Joseph Jo—heaven bless Cape Breton for the nicknames—howled piously against it. The Widow Billie the Gentleman stood by the old order of things, while progressive Lame Dougald of *Paris Green* fame, from Little Frog Pond, called aloud to the very frogs to presage by a new line of croakin' the glories of that uver blessed day, when floods of new light should gild the educational hilltops of our poor, misfortunate country.

"Why, my dear Bones, even old Angus the Razor began hearin' strange sounds and seein' strange things. The old reprobate! His neck was specially constructed for the gallows' rope.

"The old rascal saw children that were already duvils piled into movin' vans with children who weren't quite duvils yet. He even saw a great building on the outskirts of Big Frog Pond which was frequented by peo-

ple whose shoulders were draped with gowns like the lawyers wear, and whose heads were decorated with quare-shaped hats. Nay, more, Bill Bones, the very depths of his soul were stirred with the new, joy-provokin' cry of——

Back—Back—Back
Woods—woods—woods
UNIVERSITY.

"The excitement was intense. The whole country for miles around was in a panic, for the ruthless District School Board was bent on blowin' the very trumpets of the heralds of the new day. There was no time for delay. What? Stop the wooden wheels of the golden chariot of progress. Shame, ye poor, misguided pilgrims of night!

"Such was the state of affairs that presented itself on my return to Big Frog Pond, one sad September evening, for no sooner had I tooted the whistle of the *Lady Eileen,* nine or ten miles away, than the people began gatherin' at the shore to meet me.

"'Captain Roderick is comin',' says one.

"'Yes,' says another, 'the old duvil will see a way out of this difficulty, if there is such a thing this side the bottomless pits.'

And I wish to say right here, Bones, that there was joy in Big Frog Pond when this prodigal returned.

"'Help us out,' they all seemed to howl together. 'In the name of liberty, in the name of justice, old and well-know'd, help the sons and daughters of the exiles of the Land o' the Heather,' they says.

"'Are the children or the children's children of those hardy pioneers who left the misty land of their birth to have a Backwoods University inflicted upon them?

"'Are the descendants of those whose throats were attuned to the singin' of *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and *Scots Wha Hae* to be coerced into singin' *Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,* and *Polly-wolly-doodle all the day?*

"'Is the pure air of heaven that has been floatin' around this Arm of Gold for centuries to be desecrated with claptrap about Solomon Levi's ulsterettes and Johnny Schmoker's trombone and his cymbal?

"'Are we to be eternally depressed with that sad anthem about the misfortunate girl with the box of paints, who sucked the brush, after indulgin' her old and well-know'd proclivity for heightenin' the colour of her cheeks, and then joined the saints?' they says.

"'Heaven protect us from college yells,' they says; 'from the foot-ball devotee, and from the long-hair crank!'"

"Truly, Bones, old chap, it was a pitiful sight to see those poor duvils, clad in their honest homespun, cryin' out against the dazzlin' light of the new dawn. My heart was touched; fact, I was touched right down through the soles of my boots to the very timber in the Big Frog Pond wharf.

"'Say no more,' I says to them. 'My back has reached its highest pinnacle, and I am overflowin' with indignation to the bu'stin' point. 'Say no more,' I says, steppin' aboard the *Lady Eileen,* and enterin' this very wheel-house, I shouted: 'Pull in the gang plank, and cast off those lines.' Then, ringin' *Full speed ahead* to the engineer, I put the helm hard to port, and this old girl flew away from that wharf as if she were shot out of a gun.

"There was no time to be lost. The special annual meetin' of the ratepayers for the appointment of a university board of trustees was to come off inside of twenty-four hours, so I made straightway for Sydney, arrivin' there some time durin' the night.

"The very next morning I called at the Federal Bank and drew out one thousand dollars in five-dollar bills. I then made a

bee-line for Lawyer Dudley's apartments in the Murphy Block.

"The outer office was in charge of a purty stenographer, but that is make no difference; I tramped all over her feet in my anxiety to place the case in the capacious hands of Lawyer Dudley himself.

"I was all out of breath. I slammed the door shut, and struck Lawyer Dudley's desk for the sake of emphasis, spillin' his books and papers all over the floor. I then stated the facts of the case.

"'Has the action of the District School Board been ratified by the Council of Public Obstruction?' he says, the Council of Public Obstruction bein' the court of last appeal.

"'Yes,' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'you can do nothing but submit,' he says, whereupon I took out two hundred five-dollar bills and shook them in his face.

"I was at a white heat. 'Is this British justice?' I hissed at him. 'Is this what our forefathers fought, bled, and died for?' I says. 'Is it possible in this glorious twentieth century that a minority can coerce a majority?' I says. 'Will you do some fightin', you poor, misfortunate disciple of Satan,' I says, 'providin' you are well paid?' I says.

"'What do you want me to do?' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I am goin' to commit the crime of theft,' I says. 'I am goin' to steal the college campus,' I says, 'makin' uvery man of the majority a principal in the horrible crime,' I says. And as I uttered those turrible words, Bones, I could see myself on the way to St. Jean Penitentiary, accompanied by Jo Joey Joseph Jo and ninety or a hundred other nicknamed villains from around Big Frog Pond, branded like myself with the scarlet crime of stealin' the sphere of influence of the Backwoods University of Big Frog Pond.

"'How are you goin' to commit such a grave misdemeanor?' says the lawyer.

"'How?' I says. 'Stop till I'll tell you,' I says. 'When the meetin' comes off,' I says, 'we'll appoint university trustees who will not act, and then we'll pass a sassy resolution referrin' the university question back to the District School Board for reconsideration,' I says. 'Come on with your law-book now,' I says.

"Lawyer Dudley began to get intoxicated with the game. His eyes flashed fire, his nostrils dilated, and the very hair on his head stood at attention. He arose from his chair to the occasion, slowly unfoldin' his six feet

three inches of ungainly length, and he struck the desk with the result that a bottle of red writin'-fluid was spilt all over the immediate vicinity. I could see that it was blood he was after by the way he looked at the ink.

"'How long,' he says, 'will it take you to return to the scene of battle?' he says.

"'I have my private yacht heavin' at anchor on the broad bosom of Sydney Harbour,' I says, 'and long before the dusky curtains of night will crawl over the last day of the old order of things,' I says, 'I'll land you safely on the Backwoods University campus where you can reconnoitre the enemy's position and map out your plan of campaign while pickin' gum among the tall timbers that grow in the glorious outskirts of Big Frog Pond,' I says.

"'All right,' he says, and we made a bee-line for the yacht.

"When we reached Big Frog Pond, we sent messengers out into the realms of darkness to notify the poor, misguided pilgrims of night to be present at the meetin'; and, be it said to their eternal credit, they showed up to a man.

"Among those who came was Jo For Short, a character well-know'd around Big

Frog Pond. This poor misfortunate was clamorin' for more light—for the new dawn.

"'Just think,' he says, 'on the glories of the new civilization as it will ooze from the Backwoods University of Big Frog Pond,' he says; 'when our children and our children's children will be able to speak of the very birds of the air and the very flowers and fruits of the earth in the old and well-know'd slang of Kickero,' he says.

"'Go 'way with your nonsense, Jo For Short,' I says. 'The slang of Kickero is liable to get mixed up a bit on the tongues of the children of the exiles of the Land o' the Heather with their old and well-know'd proclivity for nicknames,' I says.

"'How?' he says.

"'Oh,' I says, 'the first time you will pass the Backwoods University with a load of timber,' I says, 'you are likely to provoke such comment as: There goes Jo For Short all the ways from Juniperville, with a load of Jo-For-Short *Juniperus,* which will nuver pass inspection owin' to the fact that it is all perforated by the mischievous *Picoides Arcticus,* commonly know'd as the woodpecker. Who's all right? Jo For Short's all right. Then your horse will be nearly scared to death,' I says, 'with some such glorious refrain as——

"'Snick, snack, snort; Jo For Short:
Chancellor of the Backwoods
UNI-VERS-ITY.'

"Wal—that very harmless bit of comment knocked some of the rainbow tints out of Jo For Short's university enthusiasm; it even had the effect of makin' the poor duvil vote for the three trustees who were carried with handsome majorities, and for the sassy resolution which flung the university question back into the face of the District School Board which had the audacity to ask the trustees to act.

"'Act, trustees,' they says; 'act at onct or you will nuver hear the joyous strains of *Mush, mush, mush tu-ra-li-addy* reverberatin' around the residential suburbs of Big Frog Pond.'

"'Act, you enemies of progress,' says the Inspector of Schools for the District.

"'Act, you diabolical representatives of a recalcitrant majority,' says the university promoters.

"'Come on with the clumsy provisions of *The Education Act, Chapter 52, Revised Statutes of Nova Scotia,* first and followin' verses,' says sassy Lawyer Dudley on behalf of the pilgrims of night."

"What did you fellows do at the meeting?" asked *The Thunderer.*

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "we congregated in the Big Frog Pond schoolhouse, which was filled to overflowin' with those who were kickin' against the light, or against more light, for some of the pilgrims were after comin' to the conclusion that they had all the intellectual kerosene oil they could carry. But that is make no difference. Old Donald the Duvil was appointed chairman of the meeting; Widow Billie the Gentleman's son, secretary *pro tem.* Then the fun began.

"'I move that our worthy chairman, Donald—Donald the Old Scratch—be one of the trustees,' says a pilgrim of night, and the motion was carried with a bang; then, some one moved Monkey-wrench Jo into office, big feet and all, amid uproarious laughter; and then, Hard-tack Donald, quiet, crafty, and stubborn, was added to the university board—a more recalcitrant aggregation of kickers you couldn't find this side of the lower regions! Move them? You might as well try to move the Bras d'Or Lakes.

"'What next?' says old Donald the Duvil.

"'A motion,' says Jo For Short. 'Resolved,' he says, 'that this here diabolical Backwoods University question be throwed

back in the teeth of the District School Board for reconsideration,' he says.

"Of course, there was a laugh all around when Jo For Short apostatized from the Backwoods University faith, and I was given full credit for his perversion."

"What was done then?" asked Bones.

"We became outlaws," the smuggler answered. "We simply defied what Lawyer Dudley called the clumsy provisions of *The Education Act,* which had to be amended to cover our case; and out of my own pocket I paid Bobbie Widow Billie the Gentleman, B. A., for teachin' the Big Frog Pond School, and three other teachers for teachin' the three other schools in question, which were likewise outside the pale."

"How did the matter end, Captain?"

"Next June," the sea-dog explained, "the District School Board, settin' as the District School Plank—it had thickened considerably since it met the year before—had the audacity to restore the old order of things, which was duly ratified by the Council of Public Destruction, a nickname well merited for its diabolical action in pushin' back into oblivion the veritable Johns Hop-skins those university promoters had been tryin' to bring into life."

"But what had this to do with your goin' into provincial politics?" asked the puzzled newspaper man.

"It simply stirred up the old Scotch fightin' blood that came pourin' down the centuries from the days of Wallace and Bruce," the sea-dog answered.

"I suppose if that Backwoods University deal had gone through, Captain, Jo For Short would cut quite an interesting figure as Chancellor," said *The New York Thunderer.*

"He would," the smuggler admitted. "Jo For Short would certainly shine as Chancellor Emeritus of the Backwoods University of Big Frog Pond."

"How so?" asked Bones.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "he would be hatchin' out some brilliant idea all durin' his term of office, and then, when the time for honourable retirement should come, he'd simply explode."

"Along what lines do Jo For Short's talents run, Captain?"

"Jo For Short is a man of parts," chuckled the sea-dog, "but he's particularly a man of thirst, which, bein' interpreted, means a man with a proclivity for makin' love to the inside of a bottle."

The Thunderer's irrepressible laughed, for

he, too, was a man of thirst. His thirst was perhaps as intense as Jo For Short's, but it was another kind of thirst—a thirst for news.

CHAPTER II.

"TOO MUCH POT."

Next morning after breakfast, on Captain Roderick's invitation, Mr. Bones moved all his belongings aboard the yacht. His interest in local problems had been greatly aroused by the smuggler's characteristic description of the vigorous fight that had been made against the establishment of a Backwoods University near Big Frog Pond, for he wished to know how the four schools fared during the time they were maintained at Captain Roderick's expense.

"How did the schools get along after you stole the university campus, Captain?" was the way the reporter put the question.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "I hired Bobbie Widow Billie the Gentleman for Big Frog Pond, Mashack Donald the Agnostic for Little Frog Pond, Maggie Jo For Short for Juniperville, and Lame Mary, the Blind Widow's daughter, for Spruceville; and I

gave them strict orders to run the schools accordin' to law. 'Use the official text-books,' I says; 'use the official time-table,' I says; fact, as old Donald the Duvil would say——"

"His nickname certainly takes the cake," interrupted Bones.

"You're right there, Bones, old boy," the sea-dog admitted. "Uvery time the old sinner would take off his shoes to warm his feet, people would be watchin' for cloven hoofs. As for expectin' to see horns sproutin' on his forehead—why, the very birds of the air must have been lookin' out for them for years. It's quare, too, what has got into the people. If the poor misfortunate had been called Donald the Angel instead of Donald the Duvil, people would have the shoulders picked out of his clothes lookin' for wings."

"What happened then?" asked the newspaper hound, eager to know more.

"Wal," answered the sea-dog, "I told the teachers to carry out my instructions to the letter—that I was goin' away. I came home a few days before Christmas, and I at onct started on my inspectoral tour of the four schools under my jurisdiction.

"I first called at the Big Frog Pond

Academy, and rapped at the door. I heared something like bones rattlin'—save in your presence, Bill Bones; then, the door opened, and in that door stood a veritable skeleton held together with a layer of skin and covered up with loose-fittin' clothes. It was almost the remains of Bobbie Widow Billie the Gentleman, B. A., the Principal of the far-famed Big Frog Pond School. Thin? Thin was no name for him. You are fat compared to him, my dear Bones, and you are thin enough for match-paper.

"'What the duvil is the matter, my boy?' I says to Bobbie. 'You are not lookin' well at all,' I says. Then the skeleton made answer:

"'I am purty darn near dead, thank you,' he says—an answer worthy, in point of politeness, of poor Billie the Gentleman himself!

"'What have you been doin' with yourself?' I says. 'You look beyond the last stages of consumption,' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'I have only been teachin',' he says, 'and if I should happen to draw my last breath before the end of the year,' he says, 'I want you to know, Captain, that I did my duty by you and by the school law of the province,' he says.

"'I'll see about that,' I says, enterin' the school ahead of him.

"As soon as I did, up got about twenty-five skeletons, clad in homespun, and thinner, if anything, than the poor misfortunate who met me at the door.

"I got quite a scare, Bones, my boy, I can assure you; fact, I thought about thirty feet square of the Big Frog Pond graveyard was after comin' to life. I want to say right here, too, that those skeletons were a credit to their teacher. Polite? Polite was no name for them; they stood up until I sat down, and then they all sat down together, noiselessly adjustin' their bones in their respective homespuns.

"To say that I was completely flabbergasted, Bones, old chap, is puttin' it mildly. I nuver see'd the likes before, and I believe I'd have fallen in a faint did not Bobbie come to my rescue with characteristic hospitality.

"'What lessons would you like to take, Captain?' he says.

"'I am not particular,' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'I think we'll begin purty darn near the bottom. Grade III,' he says.

"With that four or five little skeletons got on their feet and were manœuvred out into position on the middle of the floor. It was

mighty funereal-lookin', Mr. Bones, but I was on my inspectoral tour; I had to take my medicine, and it wasn't hot Scotch, either.

"That aggregation of bones took to readin' some strong stuff about a little red hen that had found a grain of wheat, and instead of eatin' it like any ordinary hen would have done, tried to get some one to plant it for her. The cat refused, the rat refused, the dog refused, and, heaven bless you, if the pig didn't refuse! Then the hen decided to plant it herself, and she did.

"When the wheat was ripe, the hen got lazy again, and wanted to find some one who would take it to the mill. But the cat, and the rat, and the dog, and the pig, each in turn declined to have anything whatuver to do with it, so the cussed hen had to get busy.

"Wal—when the wheat was ground into flour, the well-know'd hen couldn't get anyone to make the flour into bread, so she had to do it herself. When it came to eatin' the bread, howuver, the cat, and the rat, and the dog, and the pig, all wanted to sponge on the hen, but the unsociable hen simply wouldn't be sponged on; she ate the whole business herself.

"I didn't quite ketch on to the point of the joke, but perhaps it was because my laughin'

apparatus refused to work in such gruesome atmosphere. Anyhow, I reached one conclusion, namely, that such strong stuff as that little-red-hen story was excellent diet for producin' intellectual skeletons.

"Then came some more strong stuff about a chicken who got biffed in the head with an acorn, and instead of takin' her medicine, decided that the sky had fallen and coaxed Henny Penny, Cocky Locky, Ducky Lucky, Goosey Loosey, and Turkey Lurkey off with her to tell the King. But it appears that the pilgrimage nuver reached its destination owin' to the machinations of one Foxy Loxy.

"Nothing short of a personal insult to the children of Big Frog Pond! Just think on the idea of tryin' to teach Cape Breton kids the art of nicknamin'. You might as well try to teach a fish how to swim.

"I told Bobbie to parade the skeletons off to their seats; then I asked him how he developed so many candidates for the Big Frog Pond cemetery.

"'By stickin' to the official time-table,' he says; 'by followin' the official regulations to the letter,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'what are you teachin'?'

"'Teachin'?' he says. 'Have you got a half a day to spare?' he says.

"'Give us a few outlines,' I says.

"'Readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic,' he says; 'spellin', drawin', geography, language, algebra,' he says; 'hygene, temperance, health reader,' he says; 'lessons on nature,' he says; 'all about microbes,' he says; 'all about metals, stones, earths, flowers, shrubs, trees, insects, fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals,' he says; 'all about ventilation, evaporation, freezin',' he says; 'agriculture,' he says; 'horticulture,' he says; 'bookkeepin',' he says; 'manual trainin',' he says; 'singin',' he says; 'music,' he says; 'geometry,' he says; 'calesthenics,' he says, 'and military drill. These,' he says, 'are a few of the things I have been teachin',' he says.

"Wal—Bones, I want to say right here that a man would have to be a combination of Mozart and Napoleon Bonaparte to teach such stuff, and the scholars would have to be a cross between an alligator and a rhinoceros to stand the pressure of such teachin' for five hours and a half each day. Howuver, when the Principal of the Big Frog Pond Academy got all the skeletons on their feet singin', I thought it was time to send for the doctor; and, as luck would have it, I looked out of the window and saw Dr. Dinglebones passin'. He was in a hurry, of course; but when I took

out a fist full of five-dollar bills and shook them in his face, he had lots of time.

"As Inspector of Schools, self-appointed, sassy, stubborn, I invited him in, and asked him to examine the scholars. He did so.

"'Wal,' I says, 'what's wrong with them?' I says.

"'They have anæmia,' he says. 'Too much confinement,' he says, 'too little exercise.'

"'Too much pot,' I says.

"'Too much what?' he says.

"'Too much pot—too much education pot,' I says, and I was right, Bill Bones, New York.

"The skeletons were dismissed until the middle of January, and I gave the Principal of the Big Frog Pond Academy a bit of my mind, with one result, namely, that those of the scholars who came back after the holidays got less pot."

"How did you find the other schools?" asked the reporter, looking up from his notebook.

"How?" repeated the sea-dog. "There were no candidates for the Big Frog Pond buryin'-ground for one thing. When I got to Little Frog Pond, I found the official timetable and the regulations sadly neglected,

my dear fellow, with the happy result that matters there were fairly satisfactory.

"At Juniperville, there was a strange commotion in the schoolhouse just before I entered it. I heared a window goin' up, and when I got in, Maggie Jo For Short was blushin' all over her purty face, and the scholars were all laughin' to bu'st their sides. I know'd there was something up, so I called a little girl out of the schoolhouse, gave her five cents, and told her to hold my horse.

"'What's all the fun about?' I says. 'Dannie Donald the Bad Man was in the schoolhouse, makin' love to our teacher,' she says, 'and when he see'd you comin',' she says, 'he up with the window and disappeared,' she says.

"'Who is Dannie Donald the Bad Man?' I says, not bein' able to recognize him.

"'Dannie Donald the—I don't like to curse,' she says, and I know'd at onct that it was a protégé of mine, Dannie Donald the Duvil, just home for his Christmas holidays from the Law School.

"'Wal—sissy,' I says, 'I don't blame him, for your teacher is a mighty good-lookin' girl.'

"There were no skeletons in Juniperville, I went to tell you. Those duvils of scholars

were outlaws to the finger tips, chewin' gum and pastin' each other in the faces with mud-balls. I rather liked the look of the bunch, though, and gave their teacher a dollar to get molasses to make candy for them.

"But the greatest pleasure I got was from my visit to Spruceville, where poor little Lame Mary, the Blind Widow's daughter, was holdin' forth. She had no grade, poor little girl; she was a kitchen graduate with a good knowledge of readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic, and a head chuck full of common sense. I made believe that I was as mad as a hatter because she wasn't stickin' to the official time-table, and I growled considerably both at her and at the scholars. But she says to them:

"'Don't mind him, children dear,' she says; 'he's only tryin' to bark a little, but he's no dog,' she says. 'He's a whole man with a heart as big as a wash-tub, assayin' ninety per cent. gold,' she says, 'and filled to overflowin' with kindness,' she says.

"Wal—I can't tell you how that touched me. I took some lessons, and found that she was teachin' the kids the useful arts of cookin', sewin', darnin', cetera, mixed in with readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic.

"I gave her one five-dollar bill as a Christ-

mas present for herself before I ducked out of the schoolhouse; another, to get presents for the kids; and on my way home I kept thinkin' that perhaps there might be a possibility of curin' her mother's eyes, with the result that there was an eye specialist on the way from Sydney the followin' day. A short time afterwards an operation was performed, and the poor misfortunate can now see as well as uver with one eye, and a little with the other.

"That was all right, Bones, old man, but when she came to thank what she called her kind benefactor, she riled me considerably, for as soon as she was ushered into my presence, she began to cry, and I want to say right here that if there is one thing more than another that I can't stand, it's a woman exercisin' the flood-gates of her face without sufficient reason.

"'Clear to the bottomless pits out of this,' I says. 'The mere fact that I got a specialist to take cataracts off your eyes doesn't give you any license to shed torrents of liquid with them in my presence,' I says, 'so clear out of this,' I says; and only it was New Year's Day and I was feelin' happy over gettin' her sight restored, I'd have told her to go straight to—have another cigar, Bones, old chap; the end

of that butt you are suckin' is mighty near the tip of your misfortunate nose."

"I suppose the schools nowadays are very much different from what they were in your day, Captain," *The Thunderer* remarked, as he lit another cigar.

"Indeed they are," the smuggler assented, "and I cannot say that matters are changin' for the better. If there is one thing more than another that people are after goin' mad on, it is the subject of education. There is too cussed much education pot for this starve-dog-or-eat-hatchet century—too much pot!

"A thorough knowledge of readin', 'ritin', and cypherin', is what's needed by the common people. What's the good of a smatterin' of algebra to those who have to spend their lives jiggin' fish? What's the good of calisthenics to a man chasin' potato-bugs?

"Why, there's old Donald the Bad Man. He can give you day and date for almost uverything of importance that has happened for the last two thousand years, although he couldn't see pigs in a cabbage-patch right under his nose, even in broad daylight.

"But you must go with the bunch in the matter of this turkey-stuffin' variety of education that's the vogue to-day—you must stam-

pede with the herd or you will be looked upon as odd, my dear Bones. You mustn't kick against the educational stuffin' that's goin' on all over the world or you will be looked upon as a crank, adjusted only for manipulatin' such things as grindstones, hand-organs, cetera.

"If you complain about there bein' too much humpin' over useless studies, you'll be told that calisthenics will counteract curvature of the spine. If you kick against the hours bein' too long, you'll be promptly told that the hours in the penitentiary are longer.

"Why, Mr. Bones, you wouldn't dare to feed your two-year-old colt on a diet parallel to what you'll find sizzlin' around in the education pot, for if you did, you would soon be mournin' what promised to be a valuable horse. Three feeds a day, plus water and exercise, will make a colt mighty frisky, whereas twenty feeds of useless stuff would make him a candidate for the bone-yard."

"That's right, Captain."

"I can't help thinkin' of old Grandpa Donald uvery time this education question comes up. He got sassy in Sydney one day to the extent of tellin' a bunch of Sydney sports that he had the fastest horse in Cape Breton.

"'Is that so?' says one of them.

"'That's so,' says Grandpa Donald, 'and I am willin' to risk twenty-five dollars on my horse's reputation,' he says.

"'I'll take you,' says one of the outfit, and the money was put up.

"The Sydney chap accordingly drove out to Big Frog Pond one cold day in winter, and at the appointed hour Grandpa Donald was on the ice with his colt. Of course, old Grandpa's horse was faster, but the old sinner was too greedy about his horse's reputation, and as soon as Sydney appeared on the ice, Grandpa spurted and flew past him. Sydney turned back. Grandpa then wheeled around and passed him again. He must have performed this stunt half a dozen times until his horse was tired.

"'Now, didn't I beat you,' he says.

"'Why, my dear friend,' says Sydney, 'I was only gettin' my colt warmed up,' he says. 'Come on now,' he says, and he started off up the track, Grandpa after him.

"Of course, Sydney won, for old Grandpa Donald's horse was played out.

"Now, that's the way with education. Most persons have so dissipated their energies humpin' over useless studies that when the real race of life comes off, they're completely winded like old Grandpa's horse.

"All can't be railway presidents, for then there would be no one to collect tips in the parlour cars; but common people, only fitted by nature for a place in the backbone of the country, should not allow themselves to be ground into paint for heightenin' the country's complexion."

"You're right there, Captain. You have too much education pot nowadays—too much pot!"

"You needn't say, '*You* have too much education pot,' Bones, old chap. You should have said, '*We* have too much education pot,' for some of you fellows on the other side of the international boundary line are just as bad as we are, and we are bad enough.

"Why, my dear fellow, only last summer I saw a future President of the United States right here in Baddeck, and he was taken as much care of as if he were a package of dynamite. He was only five years old, and he was certainly a curiosity! I took him across from Iona, a couple of months ago, and I got so out of patience with his fond mother and his cussed nurse that I felt like dumpin' the whole outfit overboard.

"The nurse was a high-geared talkin'-apparatus, with the artistic temperament very

highly developed, and she talked eternally about her precious care.

"As soon as she got aboard the yacht, she at onct proceeded to give me what she called valuable pointers about bringin' up one of those prodigies of greatness, and I let the pointers in on one side of my head and out on the other. I carry ballast enough for ordinary occasions, and if she had been a shrewd judge of human nature she would have seen that I was purty darn steady in a gale of wind."

"What did she have to say?"

"She went over the whole plan of campaign from the cradle to the White House. 'I was called in when President Willie was two months old,' she says, 'and I was given charge of him,' she says. 'My first duty was to keep him quiet,' she says. 'No one was allowed to talk to him, or tease him, or fondle him. Such nonsense is bad for the nerves,' she says, 'and we want President Willie to be a man of nerve,' she says.

"'I see,' I says, lookin' at the little rascal to see what effect such lonely nerve treatment had on him; and, as I listened, I could almost hear the roarin' of wild animals in the jungles of Africa! And do you know a very wicked thought stole through my head at the

time, but I did not dare give utterance to it."

"What was that, Captain?"

"I thought what a contented jail-bird such solitary confinement would develop Willie into later on, but I had to keep mum on the subject.

"The cussed nurse didn't keep mum, howuver; she grabbed President Willie and showed me a couple of patches on the knees of His Excellency's trousers.

"'Do you see that?' she says.

"'Yes,' I says.

"'Wal,' she says, 'that's part of President Willie's education. His trousers are new, to be sure, so we had to cut holes in them with a pair of scissors, and then patch them up.'

"'What did you do that for?' I says.

"'Wal,' she says, 'it's part of his trainin'; it was done to make him feel like poor boys,' she says.

"Wouldn't that knock the stuffin' out of you, Mr. Bones? Of course, as a kid, I had holes in my own trousers often enough, but I want to say right here that they weren't made with a scissors. Poverty had a hand at the job.

"Wal—this lean, cadaverous nurse, with the thin, white hair, the cracked voice, the

shallow complexion, and all the other impedimenta of dyspepsia, then went on to relate how President Willie shone in the kindergarten.

"'I'd rather have heared of him shinin' in a scrap with one of the kids across the street,' I says.

"Shades of Lincoln, of Grant, of McKinley! What trainin' for the Presidency of the greatest republic the world has uver known! I can almost imagine the boy Lincoln in a modern kindergarten. With what honest indignation would he not trample under foot those miserable toys of intellectual decrepitude, and with what haste would he not flee from those little dens of national decay! But President Willie had to graduate from a kindergarten, then from a high school, then from a university, then from a law school, as if these were mere milestones of greatness!

"We haven't got all the foolishness on this side of the international boundary, Bill Bones. We have only some of it."

"Poor President Willie!" laughed *The New York Thunderer.*

"Poor little fellow!" drawled the sea-dog. "I couldn't help feelin' sorry for His Excellency as I saw him paradin' up and down the streets of Baddeck, one summer evening,

with kid gloves on his hands to protect them from Cape Breton microbes. There he was, hangin' on to the old girl, while the real future Presidents of your great republic were no doubt drivin' home cattle, or weedin' potatoes, on some Ohio farm."

"Correct you are, Captain. We have too much education pot nowadays—too much pot!"

CHAPTER III.

DRAWN INTO THE GAME.

About three o'clock that afternoon, Captain Roderick left Baddeck for Big Frog Pond. Four hours later, the *Lady Eileen* was made fast to the wharf directly in front of the smuggler's house.

Getting out his pencil and note-book after tea that evening, *The Thunderer's* irrepressible took occasion to remind the sea-dog that he had not as yet finished telling him how he happened to go into provincial politics.

"I know how you got your fighting blood up, Captain," Bones declared, "but I don't know just how you came to be drawn into the game."

"Wal," drawled the smuggler, "my first political skirmishin' was done in the municipal field, which is our humblest place of operations, our bottom of the ladder; and when I went into municipal politics, which is some time ago now, I did it to take the conceit out of Billie the Merchant, who seems to

bear the same relation to me that a red rag does to a bull.

"The mere sight of the fellow has a tendency to stir up within me a certain bull-dog proclivity for grabbin' something and holdin' on until something gives. It's quare, but it's true, for I hadn't the slightest idea of goin' any further in politics until Billie the Merchant said to Jo For Short one day that I hadn't pluck enough to run for the provincial legislature. It appears that Jo For Short wanted to tease Billie the Merchant, so he made up some stuff about me goin' into provincial politics.

"'Good-day, Jo For Short,' says Billie.

"'Good-day yourself,' says Jo.

"'Any news?' says Billie.

"'No,' says Jo, 'only I heared them talkin' about bringin' Captain Roderick out for a seat in the house of assembly."

"'Captain Roderick runnin' for a seat in the house of assembly!' says Billie, with an old and well-know'd grin on his ugly face. 'Why, the very idea!' he says. 'You might as well run one of the frogs that you'll hear croakin' in the Pond as that scoundrel. Ye gods and little dog-fish!' he says. 'What are we comin' to when we can't get anything better to send to parliament to make our

laws than one of the biggest law-breakers in the whole country. To think of it makes me sick to my stomach,' he says. 'Anyhow,' he says, 'he hasn't got the pluck to run,' he says.

"'But he beat you for the municipal council,' says Jo.

"'Yes,' says the bankrupt, 'but he beat me with promises and bad rum.'

"'It wasn't with promises and bad rum,' says Jo.

"'I tell you it was,' says the man with the empty shop.

"'I'll make a bee-line for Captain Roderick and I'll tell him,' says Jo.

"'You may,' says Billie. 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' he says.

"Jo For Short has been purty darn loyal to me since I saved him from the Backwoods University epidemic, and the first thing I know'd he appeared on the scene, tuned up to concert pitch, his mental fiddle-strings fairly bu'stin' with tension.

"'What's the matter, Jo?' I says.

"'My political blood is boilin',' he says, and he told me the whole story.

"'Wal—Jo,' I says, 'I ain't very particular just what Billie the Merchant says about me,' I says. 'He's a trifle sore, for one thing,'

I says, 'because I bumped him kind of hard when he was aspirin' to a seat in the municipal council,' I says. 'As for his remarks about rum and things,' I says, 'I want to say right here, Jo For Short, that the fellow with the empty shop lied when he said that I distributed bad rum, for I'll warrant that any stimilant I carried on my hip before that council election was the best produced in this country. Billie the Merchant tried to buy off all the bad pays by distributin' goods to them on long credit,' I says, 'and it is due to him to say that his policy met with my approval to such an extent that I actually encouraged some notoriously bad pays to patronize his Election Emporium which drew its last breath long before the fatal day. Billie's popularity gradually subsided with the collapse of the Emporium,' I says, 'and the benighted, ungrateful electors stampeded for the diabolical outlaw who opposed him. So you can tell Billie the Merchant for me, Jo For Short,' I says, 'that no man who had the courage to encounter such a political colossus as the bu'sted philanthropist of Big Frog Pond should be accused of want of pluck,' I says.

"Wal—Bones, although I pretended not to mind what Billie the Merchant said about my

want of pluck, I want to say right here before I forget it, that it had a tendency to make my political blood simmer. Want of pluck, indeed! I wished to let Billie the Merchant and his gang see that I had the necessary pluck, so I told Jo For Short that I was goin' to run for the provincial legislature.

"I was then worth one million one hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars, havin' converted all my securities, with a few exceptions, into hard cash; and you know that a dog sittin' on a pile of rocks that big has a tendency to think that people will pay a certain amount of attention to his bark. But very few know, my dear Bones, that I am the only millionaire in Nova Scotia."

"And you're the only millionaire in Nova Scotia, Captain?"

"I am the one and only," declared the sea-dog, "and I made uvery dollar of the pile honestly, takin' chances on the stock market and speculatin' in mines, which turned out mighty profitable. But a pile of money isn't very much better than a pile of mud, that is, over and above what is necessary to live accordin' to one's station in life, cetera. But it makes great backin', Bones, old chap, particularly when a fellow is sassy. You know it requires money to be real sassy, for unless

a man can pay his bills upon demand, he can't afford to be sassy.

"There's no pleasure like the pleasure of bein' sassy and independent, unless it's the pleasure of givin', and both kinds of pastime require hard cash.

"There's nothing like a fat bank account. Uvery dollar of the net balance is your friend. But you are gettin' me talked off my story. I started out to tell you how I got drawn into the game.

"Wal—the news of my latest political intentions spread like wild fire. Whenuver I moved, and whereuver I went, I got the glad hand and all kinds of encouragement. I was actually on the war-path, painted with political war-paint, and decorated with political feathers. I felt that I needed a secretary, so I took my protégé, Dannie Donald the Duvil, law limb, cetera.

"He was quite a handicap at times; he was good-lookin' and the girls showed a tendency to get struck on him. But that is make no difference. I want to say right here that you can't beat the good people of Cape Breton for hospitality. They nearly killed me with kindness, Mr. Bones. Even those who told me they were goin' to vote against me were uniformly kind. I believe they actually

meant to kill me with kindness, for it was, 'Good-day, Captain Roderick, and how are you? I am not goin' to vote for you and your colleague, because I already promised to vote for the two other fellows, but come into the house and have a rest.'

"My private secretary would usually want to go, particularly if he saw any purty girls peepin' out at the side of the window-blinds, and then it was either a meal of the best the house afforded, or a glass of cream. Why, one day I had no less than two breakfasts, three dinners, two suppers, and twenty-seven glasses of cream.

"That was the limit, for if any fellow came along that evening and shook me good and hard and then clapped me on the back, I was so full of cream that I believe I'd have coughed up a print of butter.

"Lawyer Dudley, from Sydney, was my colleague, and lots of people had a grudge against the old fellow. Some said he sued them; others, that he wrote them sassy letters askin' them to pay up.

"'Wal,' I says to them, 'if you don't give my colleague one vote, don't give me the other. I want you to vote the straight ticket, for I'll stand or fall by my colleague,' I says.

"But it was the question of patronage that

bothered me most. Jo For Short wanted to be a Justice of the Peace. 'You know, Captain Roderick, my dear old friend,' he says, 'that I'd like to be a Justice of the Peace,' he says, gettin' his arm around me as he usually did when he wanted a drink.

"'Wal,' I says, 'a man qualified for the position of Chancellor of the Backwoods University of Big Frog Pond,' I says, 'is surely qualified to dispense an occasional dose of justice to the good people of the District of Juniperville,' I says, 'but I can't make any promises,' I says.

"'I don't want you to make any promises,' he says. 'I only want to know if you will grace the High Court of Justice for the District of Juniperville with Jo For Short's presence after your election,' he says, tryin' to be as non-commital as possible.

"'I can't promise you anything of the kind,' I says.

"But Jo thought he was a natural-born judge, right off the bat, and began tellin' me all about the things he judged correctly when other men were at fault.

"'It was I who advised old Grandpa Donald to appeal the case of *Billie the Merchant vs. Grandpa Donald* to the County Court,' he says, 'and he did,' he says, 'and what was

more, he won,' he says. 'Then there was the case about old Donald the Bad Man's taxes,' he says. 'I have simply a divine call to the Bench,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'divine or not, I ain't goin' to make any promises,' I says. But Jo persisted until I finally had to let him down good and swift. 'See here, Jo For Short,' I says, 'you know as well as I do that if I promised to create you a Justice of the Peace, I'd be liable to be disqualified from sittin' in parliament,' I says.

"'But I wouldn't tell,' he says.

"Wal—that riled me. The fellow couldn't keep a secret long enough to draw his breath. 'You can go straight to——' Dash, long pause, blue smoke, cetera, for I was both sassy and independent with that well-know'd character who voted for me after all, although I didn't give a darn whether he voted for me or not. He wanted me to run too big a risk for his vote and influence.

"But my troubles were only beginnin'. Jo Joey Joseph Jo came to see his dear old friend, too, and I want to say right here that it was truly wonderful how *dear* I got all of a sudden. Howuver, I didn't propose to be *dear-ed* into any kind of a hole by those cussed office-seekers, so I stood on all kinds of

dignity. But poor Jo Joey Joseph Jo was very modest in his demands. He didn't want a position on the Bench; he merely wanted the repairin' of the Big Frog Pond sluice—a job worth about seven dollars.

"'I am sorry, Mr. Jo Joey Joseph Jo,' I says, 'but I simply can't make any promises before an election,' I says.

"'Excuse me,' he says, 'excuse me!'

"'Why, certainly,' I says, tickled all to pieces over the ease with which I got him where he belonged.

"That wasn't the worst of it. As soon as it got noised around that Jo For Short and Jo Joey Joseph Jo were after things, I went up against no less than ten voters in Juniperville who all wanted positions on the Bench, and about forty Big Frog Ponders who were anxious to get the job of repairin' the Big Frog Pond sluice from their dear old friend.

"Even old Donald the Duvil was lookin' for something. 'I want you to make me a Stipendiary Magistrate after you get elected,' he says, 'with the jurisdiction of two Justices of the Peace,' he says.

"Just think what a holy combination Mr. Justice Donald the Bad Man and Mr. Justice Jo For Short would make!

"I was surprised at Donald the Bad Man,

too, after all I did for his son, but some people have absolutely no sense of proportion when it is a matter of gratifyin' their proclivity for grabbin'. I took Dannie to one side and I told him that he simply had to keep the lid on his old man durin' the campaign. But Dannie might as well try to keep the lid on the bottomless pits if they started to bubble over, so I had to let Donald the Bad Man sizzle along, and not only did he sizzle himself, but he got all kinds of fellows on the string, tellin' them of the great pull he had with me on account of his son Dannie.

"These are only a few cases out of a thousand. I was simply in a duvil of a predicament over this cussed patronage question. Uvery vacancy you fill, you make from ten to fifty enemies and one ingrate, for the fellows that don't get the job are mad, and somehow or another the fellow you honour with the position usually manages to get around to the back of your heels with his sharp teeth; so, if your low shoes have worn holes at the back of your socks, you may look out for some purty darn sharp amusement. Of course, there are some noble exceptions; I am only discussin' general principles."

"Were you bothered with people wanting

to sell you things during the campaign?" said the newspaper hound.

"Wasn't I, my dear fellow? I coughed up to so many fellows lookin' for subscriptions that I must have caught a subscription-list cough. As for people wantin' to sell me things, I bought almost uvery kind of a commodity from a pious paper to an ice-cream freezer. But I drew the line when a fellow came along wantin' me to buy a plum-tree orchard. He was a darn nice fellow, too, but he couldn't get me to bite, for somehow or another a hook baited with plum-tree didn't look at all attractive to me, particularly on the eve of an election. I'd rather a hook baited with votes.

"But the agent was an artist. When he found that I wasn't at all partial to plum, he tried apple-tree bait, and pear-tree bait, and ornamental-tree bait, and all the other kinds of bait in his catalogue, but the sucker wouldn't bite.

"'I see you are not interested in fruit-growin',' he says, gatherin' up his orchard paraphernalia.

"'To tell you the truth,' I says, 'I am more interested in politics now than fruit,' I says.

"'Surely I did not have the honour of

canvassin' the popular candidate for the local legislature?' he says.

"'How do you think things are goin'?' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'to speak frankly,' he says, 'I am a stranger up here and I don't know anything about your politics, but there is one candidate who is mighty popular with the people,' he says.

"'Which one?' I says.

"'A sea-captain,' he says; 'I don't remember his name. He's honest, the people say,' he says, 'and they're all goin' to vote for him,' he says. 'Good-morning,' he says.

"Wal—I felt kind of sorry to see such a darn nice chap goin' without an order, so I called him back and gave him an order for eight hundred plum-trees, although the fellow only tried to sell me a hundred. I didn't realize how big a sucker I was, howuver, until the next spring, when I had to cough up something like three hundred and fifty dollars. I thought when that agent could not get me to bite that I had him blocked, but he simply jigged me by my vanity, and then jollied me out of the water without a gaff."

"How did you get along on nomination day?" *The New York Thunderer* asked. "Did you make a speech?"

"Didn't I?" drawled the sea-dog. "I didn't know just what to say, so I got Dannie Donald the Duvil to write out a speech for me, and I tried to memorize it. It was hot stuff, too, but it was a little too highfalutin' for your obedient servant. I thought I know'd it by heart, though, but when I got up on my feet in Sydney, I imagined there was nothing but my head suspended about five feet seven inches and a half from the floor. All the rest of me was numb, and might as well have been sittin' on a chair.

"When I started to speak, I wondered where the strange voice came from. I thought I nuver heared it before.

"'Mr. Chariman, gentlemen and ladies,' I says. 'I am delighted to see so many present,' I says, 'particularly so many ladies,' I says.

"But that was as far as I got. When I said that I was particularly delighted to see so many ladies present, there was an uproar lastin' fully ten minutes. I didn't quite ketch on to the point of the joke, but the audience must have thought I was particularly funny, for some of the men nearly kicked the toes out of their shoes laughin'.

"I was purty darn sore, I can tell you, though I didn't say nothing; but I decided

then and there not to inflict the rest of Dannie Donald the Bad Man's speech on that audience. I wasn't natural throwin' boquets to the cussed women; but I was natural when I got sassy, for I was as mad as blazes.

"I abused uverybody—the District School Board, the Backwoods University promoters, and the Council of Public Destruction. Then I told the people of the Iron City that the roads in from Big Frog Pond were nothing short of a disgrace. 'They would be a disgrace to a gang of mosquitoes,' I says, 'for they are nothing but an aggregation of mud, ruts, holes, broken sluices, cetera,' I says; and I wound up by sayin' that the Society for the Promotion of Bravery should bestow a medal on any one who could ride in from Big Frog Pond to Sydney without gettin' his ribs broken. But I got there just the same on election day, Bones. Here is a copy of the official returns."

"I see by this clipping that you led the polls in every district except Dutchville—isn't that right, Captain?" remarked the reporter.

"Yes," the smuggler assented, "and I can thank Billie the Merchant for the landslide in Dutchville, for the day before the election the bu'sted philanthropist of Big Frog Pond

went down to Dutchville and told some of the good Dutch women that I said I would get elected in spite of all the sauerkraut-eatin' Dutchmen this side of the old and well-know'd bottomless pits.

"Wal—that simply got their Dutch blood boilin', and on election day their husbands and fathers and sons filed into the pollin'-booth to vote, one after another, led by old Stuntz's Bull-dog Johnnie; and as each dropped his ballot into the ballot-box, he said:

"'There goes some sauerkraut for Captain Roderick.'

"I didn't get a single vote in Dutchville. There were all kinds of lies goin' around about me, but the lyin' was done by a gang of old political mosquitoes whose stings had been so dulled by promiscuous proddin' that it had no effect.

"It was not much use to tell people what a scoundrel I was—how I made money cheatin' the government out of the duty on booze and tobacco smuggled from St. Pierre.

"'He may be a duvil,' they says, 'but he's smart,' they says, and that settled it.

"It was in Dutchville that Billie the Merchant got in the only swift work done against me. I faced him for his election yarns in

old Schmoker's store, one day after the election, and I cornered him so badly that he had to admit he lied like a horse-thief. 'It was a good joke on you,' he says to me. Wal—my excellent Dutch friends did not quite ketch on to the point of the joke with the result that Billie the Merchant had to leave Dutchville in more or less of a hurry. They were quite sore over gettin' fooled by that election yarn Billie told the women. It's those cussed women, my dear Bones.'"

"They are certainly good propagators of election stories," Bones ventured. "But say, Captain, what's your candid opinion of political life?"

"Wal," drawled the smuggler, "if a man wants peace, he should not go into politics; if he has a tendency to prick up his ears uvery time he hears any one callin' Fido, he has no business in politics; but if he has lots of money, if he enjoys bein' sassy and performin' the thankless task of public slave—in a word, as Dannie Donald the Bad Man says, if he is ambitious to be a sort of target at which mud can be pelted, not only in the spring and in the fall, when mud is in season, but all the year round—then, I say, his place is on the political target-post, for some one has got to be put up to keep the mud-slingers in practice."

CHAPTER IV.

"SOCIAL CLAWS."

Next morning, Mr. Bones came ashore and took a stroll around Big Frog Pond. He called at Billie the Merchant's empty shop, and made the acquaintance of Captain Roderick's old enemy.

"You are a stranger here," said Billie, whose curiosity was greatly aroused. "What is your name, where are you from, and what line of business do you follow, may I ask?"

"I'm Bones, of *The Thunderer*—Bill Bones, New York. I came up to Cape Breton for a couple of months to recuperate after typhoid. But say, you know Captain Roderick, don't you? Yes. Well, he's a mighty clever old fellow."

Mr. Billie the Merchant did not think so; at least he seized the opportunity of pouring out against Captain Roderick a stream of bitter denunciation, generously sprinkled

with the most picturesque profanity the New York irrepressible ever heard.

"See here," said Bones, "Captain Roderick is a jolly good fellow, and I won't stand any more of this."

"See here yourself, Mr. Bones, if you please. I am ready and willing to grant you an interview for *The New York Thunderer* on Captain Roderick as a colossal fakir. You better ask him about the dancing lessons and the lessons in etiquette he took from Mamie Widow Billie the Gentleman, B. A. He does a whole lot of blowing about his political successes, but I'll guarantee he won't be so anxious to talk about the fool he made of himself as Mamie's pupil."

"Good-day," said Bones, leaving the empty shop. "More copy for *The Thunderer* in sight," he added to himself, after he had got safely beyond the reach of Billie the Merchant's long ears.

That evening, Mr. Bones left for Sydney, Captain Roderick having volunteered to drive him as far as St. Lawrence Station. The wheeling was good, considering the season of the year, and the smuggler was in good talking humour.

"What queer story was that about your taking dancing lessons and lessons in eti-

quette, Captain?" asked Bones, shortly after they got started.

The sea-dog blushed for once in his life.

"It's an old story now, my dear fellow, and a brave story that can nuver be forgotten, as the old school book used to say about the Battle of the Nile. You must have come across Billie the Merchant."

"I did," the reporter acknowledged. "I started in to praise you; he took occasion to abuse you, but he didn't get very far before I left his empty shop. I told him that you were a jolly good fellow, and that I wouldn't stand his abuse. But before I left he told me to ask you about those lessons."

"Wal," drawled the smuggler, "you know my early trainin' was very deficient in matters pertainin' to high life, and you also know that my position as member of the legislative assembly of the province made me one of the aristocrats of Nova Scotia, so I was anxious to get some pointers on the social duties pertainin' to my new position. And while I am a plebian by birth, education, and trainin', I am *ex-officio* an aristocrat, and I decided to develop my social claws for the purpose of climbin' into the most exclusive society in the province. But where was I to get the necessary trainin'?

"Where? I looked around the distant horizon of my acquaintances for a suitable tutor, but none could I see. I then looked nearer home, and lo and behold! Mamie Widow Billie the Gentleman, B. A., gold medalist in calisthenics, dancin', and deportment, loomed up as a colossus of politeness. Polite? I onct said she was politer than a hen backin' out of a hen-coop, but I now say she was politer than Exquisite Donald *à la Paree,* and he had such exquisite social finish that they are sayin' he used to raise his hat to the very gate-posts.

"But that is make no difference. I sized up Mamie as about the best available tutor, for whatuver her faults, she was a darn polite girl. She let her finger-nails grow long like an aristocratic Chinaman, she dipped her soup *from* her at the table, and her mouth seemed to have been specially constructed for detectin' the niceties of ice-cream and for keepin' her tongue from gettin' into trouble. She had a secretive mouth, and it was this characteristic, more than its beauty, that made me select her as my tutor.

"But how was I to secure her services without alarmin' the very frogs, literal and political, that had their eyes focused on me? I did it this way. I got what was left of her

brother Bobbie a job as a reporter on the *Sydney Daily Mail,* and I hired her mother on as my housekeeper at a purty darn handsome salary. This naturally brought mother and daughter under my roof, and as Mamie was purty darn slick with the pen, I used to get her to write some letters for me from dictation, thus entitlin' her to a salary as my secretary, which she was very glad to accept. It meant new hats, more false hair, rats, cetera; paint, powder, and gum for chewin' behind the scenes.

"I mentioned the matter of pointers in etiquette to Mamie's mother one day, and that practical woman at onct suggested that we have a little formal dinner by ourselves uvery day for practice, and that Mamie give me a series of informal lectures on Social Finish.

"Wal—I pledged mother and daughter to absolute secrecy, and then Mamie began her course of lectures by pointin' out that there was a vast difference between etiquette and good manners: that good manners are good manners uverywhere, whereas etiquette is not the same uverywhere.

"'Why,' she says, 'if you spit in a man's face in this country, you commit a grave breach of etiquette, whereas a stream of

saliva skilfully squirted into the face of a native of Central Africa is about as delicate a compliment as you can pay him,' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'that's squid politeness,' I says; 'I believe I'd make a poor native of Central Africa,' I says.

"'The best manners come from the heart,' she says, 'and is like perfume from the rose,' she says, 'whereas the best etiquette comes from the head,' she says, 'for etiquette is nothing more than rules to grease the ponderous wheels of society—to make them run smooth,' she says. 'Note the difference,' she says, 'between the smooth-runnin' rubber-tired automobile of the aristocrat, and the wooden-wheeled ox-cart of the rustic,' she says.

"'I see the point,' I says.

"'For instance,' she says, 'if you bu'st out laughin' at the fellow who falls on the floor after havin' his chair pulled from under him, you commit a crime against good manners,' she says, 'whereas if you blow your breath through your nose into your table napkin,' she says, 'in other words,' she says, 'if you start in tootin' your nose into it,' she says, 'you are at onct regarded as a veritable monster of social junk in the old and well-know'd round-house of etiquette,' she says.

"'I grasp the distinction,' I says.

"To emphasize the value of good manners, she then told me about a young fellow-countryman of yours, my dear Bones, named Donald Brodie, who had to give up his course at West Point and return to Washington, owin' to defective lungs.

"'He was poor,' she says, 'he was very poor,' she says.

"'Poor fellow,' I says.

"'Yes,' she says, 'and he had to leave West Point because he began to cough up blood,' she says.

"'I suppose he had nothing else to cough up,' I says, 'but don't let me interrupt your story, Mamie,' I says, so she went on.

"Wal—it appears he had very few friends—they are not always very plenty when a fellow is broke—but he was a sort of specialist in good manners, which accounted for the fact, so Mamie said, that he was invited out one day to a dinner to which the Spanish Ambassador, His Royal Highness the Duke Guadalajara de la Sierra, was also asked, but I rather think his host felt sorry for him because he was nothing but a poor lunger, and wanted to give him a good feed. Howuver, His Royal Highness had the place of honour, and Donald Brodie was stationed

where he could lay in a good supply of grub, under the all-observin' eye of the Spanish Ambassador.

"Things were goin' smoothly until the salid was served. Then the part of the hostess's face that wasn't painted became pale, for on a leaf of lettuce brought to the poor, misfortunate Donald Brodie, a huge caterpillar had taken up its position, and was complacently exercisin' the muscles of its back by swingin' to and fro on the lettuce leaf. His Royal Highness noticed it, the hostess noticed it; fact, nearly all the guests noticed it.

"'Would Donald Brodie notice it?' was the question of the moment. 'And if he should notice it, what would he do? Would he spoil the appetite of the other guests by callin' attention to it? Would he subject himself to a visit from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by crushin' it?'

"Oh, no! Havin' acquired the useful habit of toadyin', Donald Brodie turned toad when the awful moment came, and heroically swallowed lettuce, caterpillar, and all.

"There must have been a moment of awful suspense while Donald Brodie was tryin', condemnin', and electrocutin' the poor, mis-

fortunate caterpiller; and then, I suppose, the whole outfit bu'sted out laughin', although Mamie was silent on that point. She merely said that the hostess felt as if her life was saved, and that after dinner His Royal Highness sought out this martyr to etiquette who was rewarded by bein' sent to Cuba as English secretary to a high official there.

"'The climate suited him,' says Mamie; 'he recovered his health,' she says, 'he learned to speak Spanish,' she says, 'and he married a niece of Duke Guadalajara's, and lived happy uver afterwards.

"'Is that so?' I says. 'I now know the cause of the Spanish-American War,' I says. 'Some one from Cape Breton must have run across Donald Brodie and christened him Donald the Caterpillar,' I says, 'and the poor, misfortunate fellow must have developed caterpiller instincts for gettin' his back up, or for humpin' it up, which amounts to the same thing,' I says, 'for ten to one,' I says, 'it was Senor Alfonso Donald the Caterpillar that first got the Cubans to rebel against Spanish authority,' I says, 'and his brother, Senor Dannie Donald the Caterpiller, that blow'd up the Maine in Havana Harbour, all on account of an excess of good

manners doin' something which will disgrace his uvery descendent even unto the fourth generation,' I says.

"Good manners are all right up to a certain point, Bill Bones, and Donald Brodie's supply was perfectly harmless up to the point where they changed him from a lunger into a toad. There was no wonder that he recovered his health, for I nuver heard of a toad havin' defective lungs.

"But between you and me, Bones, old chap, I think that caterpiller story was a little off taste. I didn't need a kick from the toe of a polite boot to help me along in the world, for a fellow with the number of one-dollar friends I have to my credit at the bank doesn't require that kind of locomotion.

"If Mamie thought that I was gettin' acquainted with the usages of polite society for the purpose of tryin' to win the fickle heart of some daughter of Eve later on, she was thinkin' through her old and well-know'd hat; and only I came to the conclusion that Mamie was lecturin' from notes she had taken at college, I'd have pointed the entrance to the room out to her."

"What was her first lecture on?" the irrepressible asked.

"Introductions," answered the smuggler.

"I got a little mixed up on the first part of the lecture, for I was decidin' whether or not to get mad over the caterpillar story. But I knew Mamie said something about what she called the primary law of the game.

"'The young must be presented to the old,' she says; 'the unknown to the known,' she says; 'the short to the long,' she says; 'the lean to the fat,' she says; 'the inferior to the superior,' she says; 'the poor to the rich,' she says; 'the ugly to the purty,' she says; 'a gentleman to a lady,' she says. 'Then,' she says, 'when introducin' two strangers, some people have a clever way of openin' the conversation by sayin' something about each to the other,' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'that may be all right in theory, Mamie,' I says, 'but in practice I am afraid it wouldn't work,' I says.

"'How?' she says.

"'Suppose Maggie Jo For Short and Dannie Donald the Duvil were strangers,' I says; 'I'd start in by sayin': Miss Jo For Short, allow me to present my friend Mr. Dannie Donald the Bad Man. Miss Jo For Short is the charmin' daughter of Mr. Jo For Short, a character well-know'd around Big Frog Pond, who thinks he is a natural-born judge with a divine call to the Bench; as for Dan-

nie, he's the son of Donald the Bad Man, who is supposed to be in league with the powers of darkness,' I says. 'That would open the way for a conversation on brimstone,' I says.

"To say that Mamie was shocked, is puttin' it mildly. 'Why, Captain,' she says, 'you must say something nice,' she says.

"'I don't agree with you there, Mamie,' I says, 'for then they might take a fellow for a plum-tree agent tryin' to unload an orchard,' I says. 'I always find it safer to begin talkin' about the weather when I am presented to a fellow,' I says, 'for if he complains of the weather bein' dry, I ketch right on to the fact that I could take the cork out of what I carry on my hip without shockin' him,' I says; 'but if he raves about wet weather,' I says, 'I know he's a temperance crank, and all I can do is to tell him that there's lots of luscious cold water in the well,' I says.

"I then told Mamie that as I could only stand so much Social Finish at a time, I thought I had enough for the first dose, so she quit for the day, apparently well pleased with her recalcitrant pupil."

"How did you get along with the formal dinners?" asked Bones.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "we had one, and that one was enough for me. The Widow Captain John and her daughter Mary, from Halifax, were visitin' my housekeeper at the time, and Bobbie Widow Billie the Gentleman was home from Sydney for a few days, so I told his mother to get busy and give us a formal dinner. She had all the necessary articles of tableware herself, for Billie the Gentleman was quite well off at one time, and I gave her a free hand in the purchase of the grub.

"My tutor hadn't got as far as Formal Dinners in her lectures on Social Finish, but I thought I'd chance it, as I knew my appetite would not fail me, and I thought that was the most important thing when there was something good to eat on the rounds. She wanted me to get a dress suit sent out to me from Sydney for the occasion, but I kicked like a steer. We then compromised matters by my agreein' to wear a black suit.

"Dannie Donald the Bad Man was the only outsider asked, and he was on hand at the appointed hour. The Widow Captain John was the guest of honour, and, of course, I had to escort her to the dinner table, and I want to say right here that I didn't like the familiar way in which she grabbed me by the

arm, although I didn't say nothing. Dannie took my housekeeper; Bobbie, Mary the Widow Captain John, who was one of the finest girls in the whole world, while Mamie waited on the table and directed the kitchen end of the ceremony.

"Wal—Bones, my boy, when we got there the table was bare, and I nuver felt so mean in my life, for my idea of a formal dinner was a table groanin' with good things and a sideboard sizzlin' with booze. There was nothing on the table except a dozen napkins neatly folded over as many buns, but just as soon as we got seated, in came Mamie with oysters in regular oyster plates with a stingy bit of lemon in the centre of each that made me feel like coughin' up the ghost.

"I almost told Dannie Donald the Bad Man to go out into the back porch and roll in the oyster barrel, and then go down into the cellar and bring up half a dozen bottles of booze, but I didn't say nothing as the guests weren't apparently insulted, for they very leisurely speared at the oysters with an oyster fork, which differs from an ordinary fork, as you well know, my dear Bones, in bein' smaller and in havin' an extra prong for good measure.

"After we finished the oysters, Mamie

brought along a little clear soup in plates, just a mouthful apiece, which we used for rinsin' down any stray particles of oyster that remained in our mouths. The soup was so scarce and I was so thirsty that I made the first break—I scooped the liquid up *to* me instead of dippin' it *from* me, and then, like a thirsty wanderer in a desert, I tilted up my plate to get down at the last drop.

"It made me feel so cheap to see the look of horror on Mamie's face that you could have sold me for a cent. But she didn't say nothing. She just hustled out the bites.

"First, we had a bite of fish, then a bite of entrée, then a bite of roast—of what Mamie called the *piece de resistence,* which was so small that I was literally sizzlin', I felt so humiliated. A bite of turkey followed; then came a bite of salid with cheese and bread and butter; then came a bite or two of ice-cream; then, a couple of bites of toasted cheese in small silver shells; then, the fruit was passed around, which was considerable of a relief. Then the candy was sampled; then coffee was served in little cups about the size of a thimble; then, to add insult to injury, water was served in flat bowls with a little bit of lemon floatin' around in it. I didn't ketch on to the water

end of the ceremony until I saw my aristocratic housekeeper dippin' the ends of her fingers into her bowl, and then I remembered hearin' about finger bowls which I had always thought was a huge joke.

"'Wal—Mamie,' I says, 'your bite-system of whettin' a fellow's appetite was quite a success,' I says. 'Now, I'd like to see the dinner proper forthcomin',' I says, quoting the old and well-know'd chestnut.

"Wasn't I a boor? Poor Mamie bu'sted out cryin'—she expected a complement—and her mother fainted. It's those cussed women, my dear friend! They're always equal to the occasion. But that ain't neither here nor there. Dannie Donald the Duvil ignored the stunt my aristocratic housekeeper was performin' and came to my rescue by sayin':

"'Wal—Captain, you are a case!'

"I was a case, but not the case Dannie meant.

"Now, I want to say right here that Dannie was a brick, although he did look a little disappointed that there was no booze on the table. But what could I do when the Widow Captain John and her daughter were both teetotal abstainers. Wal—be that as it may, Mary did the most tactful thing I uver saw.

"'Excuse me,' she says, leavin' the table. 'Poor Mrs. Billie the Gentleman is overcome with fatigue,' she says. 'You mustn't cry, Mamie dear,' she says, turnin' to the daughter, 'your mother will be all right in a short while,' and so sayin', she hustled the rural aristocrat out of the room.

"Wasn't I relieved, though? I felt as if a ton weight had been lifted off my chest, and then and there I conceived an idea which I have since carried out."

"What was that, Captain?"

"I'll tell you later on, old chap. I only want to say that I was mighty ashamed of myself. I was afraid the whole thing would get out immediately, but it didn't, strange to say. I was afraid, too, that Mamie and her mother would resign forthwith, so I gave them twenty dollars apiece to get new hats, and I went to Sydney for a couple of days, just to be out of the way until uverything blew over.

"When I returned, they were all glad to see me back, or they pretended to be, which is purty darn near the same thing so far as women are concerned, and after a few days uverything was runnin' smoothly again, even to the extent of Mamie resumin' her lectures on Social Finish.

"By the way, Bones, Donald the Brewer lives in that house, and he usually keeps some purty darn good stuff, so what do you say if we stop and have a drink?"

"All right, Captain. A drink of good stuff wouldn't go too bad at all."

"Whoa!" the sea-dog shouted, addressing the horse. "You had better wait in the buggy until I'll return, Bones, my boy. Whoa there now. Whoa!"

CHAPTER V.

"SEALS."

As the horse was a little excitable, Captain Roderick got Mr. Bones to remain in the buggy until he should return. He was gone a little longer than he expected, however, and when he returned, his equanimity was considerably upset.

"Anything doing, Captain?" asked the newspaper man.

"No," growled the sea-dog, getting into the buggy. "That booze-joint is as dry as one of Donald the Brewer's jokes, and I am mad enough to bu'st. Get ap there!"

"What made you mad, Captain?"

"It took a combination of circumstances to get my back up," declared the smuggler. "First, as soon as I went in, who should I run up against but that fancy son of Donald the Brewer's—that up-to-date article with the new hand-shake—and the first thing he did, as soon as I entered the house, was to land that abomination of insincerity at me."

"How?" asked the puzzled Bones.

"How?" repeated the sea-dog. "Wal—he grabbed my hand, and instead of givin' me the old-fashioned, Good-day-Rory-and-how-are-you hand-shake that sends a thrill right down through the soles of a fellow's number tens and makes him feel that all his friends aren't dead yet, he caught my hand up loosely between his thumb and fingers, raised it to about the level of his snout, then wiggled it a little and let it go as if he had suddenly come to the conclusion that it wasn't clean, or that it was infected with leprosy.

"Old Donald the Brewer's son tryin' to introduce that disgustin' seal-flipper wabble of degeneracy into the good old Scotch settlement of Little Frog Pond fairly makes my blood boil! I am sorry I didn't give the pup a slap over the mouth. It would do me no harm, and it might do him a whole lot of good.

"I often heared it said that man was descended from a monkey. I do not know whether that is true or not. It sounds rediculous; but one thing I do know—he is fast degeneratin' into a seal, for that new hand-shake can only be compared to the loose-jointed flip that one seal would give another with its flipper. It's a frigid, North-Pole

kind of insincerity, all right for a silly girl with an enormous proclivity for eatin' ice-cream, but vastly out of place in any community where people can even hate each other decently.

"Human seal is the only name for the new hand-shake fiend. I'd rather develop into a shark or a dogfish. Both are rapacious, but they are respectable. They put steam into their movements. Not so with the squid-backed slave of the new-hand-shake abomination. He flip-flap-flops at you with his flipper, leavin' you so disgusted with the human species that you almost cease to wonder that some society hens are so fond of poodles.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. Jimmie Donald the Brewer is gettin' ready to go out to the backwoods to cut firewood, and, of course, he had to get into his old clothes. But would you believe me? His old coat was made previous to the time when the slaves of the fickle goddess of fashion began wearin' their coats ripped up the back, and the degenerate refused to go to the woods to cut wood until his poor lame sister should get that old coat split up the back about five or six inches.

"'I want a vent in my coat,' he says, usin'

the well-know'd slang of the tailors, 'and I refuse to appear out, even in the backwoods of Little Frog Pond, in unconventional dress,' he says. 'There is such elegant un-finish to that vent,' he says, 'and such *à-la-mode-ness* about it,' he says, 'that I simply must have it whatuver.'

"'All right, Jimmie,' says his poor lame sister, and she went to work to revise her degenerate brother's old coat and bring it down to date.

"It's strange what's after gettin' into the people. Now, there was Donald the Brewer's daughter Jessie, who was about as lovable a girl as you'd see in a day's travel. She was generously endowed by Providence with an uncommonly large share of personal beauty, and before she went away to school she was about as charmin' a girl as you'd wish to meet. She was dressed plain but neat, and the beauty of it was all her clothes were of her own makin'.

"I well remember the day she went away. Old Donald the Brewer drove her to the station, and was mighty sorry to see her goin'. She was the very picture of health. Her cheeks were as red as the rosy part of an apple, and her mouth was full of pearly teeth with which she was vigorously crack-

in' a cud of spruce-gum she herself had picked among the tall timbers that morning before she left home.

"But she was a beauty, I tell you, and I was proud of her, even although someone said her plain white dress was a little out of style, and although her eyes filled with a certain amount of juice when she came to say good-bye to that dry old codger know'd as Donald the Brewer.

"'Here's the train, Jessie,' he says.

"You should have seen the look of pain that came over that beautiful, girlish face. 'Good-bye, father,' she says, 'and take good care of yourself,' she says. 'Tell Jimmie to be good to Bloss, the old cow,' she says, 'and be sure you don't let him kill the poor old dog while I am away,' she says.

"That did her credit, but all her raw old father said was:

"'Good-bye, Jessie. Be a good girl,' he says. 'Write home often, and be sure that you don't fall out of the cars,' he says.

"Wal—I happened to be at the same station, some few months afterwards, and who should I see moseyin' around waitin' for somebody but old Donald the Brewer. When the train stopped, off came a female specimen of humanity, walkin' kangaroo,

with a pair of feet forced into shoes two sizes too small for them, with hands bu'stin' from the latest style of gloves, and with a beautiful head of hair puffed out with combs, pads, false hair, switches, cetera, to support a veritable abomination of the millinery art. The prodigal was returnin'. It was Jessie.

"'My sakes alive, paw,' was the way she saluted old Donald the Brewer after disgustin' him with a new hand-shake, 'why did you appear out in your old clothes?'

"'Because I couldn't get new ones and send you away to school,' he says, right out from the shoulder.

"That was a settler, and Jessie quit takin' chips off the old man's raiment. But she raved about her new dress, and about the nightmare of a hat she had on. She called it *a dream,* but the joke was lost on her old man who was dry enough to ketch fire spontaneously.

"She was a seal, but she was a very wise kind of seal. She learnt the new hand-shake, but she also attended the gymnasium in connection with the school and acquired quite a good workin' knowledge of the manly art of self-defence. She could punch the punchin' bag as swift as James J. Jeffries or Jack Johnson, and her knowledge came in very

handy, for within six months after her return, she married an extremely thirsty man who makes an excellent sparrin' partner whenuver he gets booze enough aboard to put him in fightin' humour.

"Poor Jessie! She tried to be a seal, a kangaroo, and a scienced boxer, and she only succeeded in learnin' how to laugh more with one side of her face than with the other for the purpose of exhibitin' a gold-capped tooth, and in makin' one poor duvil's happy life miserable. I was often thinkin' what a shame it was to send her away to school at all. She would have developed into a purty darn fine woman had she spent her spare time pickin' gum among the spruce trees of Little Frog Pond instead of in the company of girls who seemed to have no higher aim in life than the devisin' of plans for workin' a new dress out of a penurious daddy.

"It's at church you can get the best insight into the eccentricities that flesh is heir to—at church watchin' the people pourin' in of a Sunday morning. I well remember the last Sunday I devoted to that very irreverent sort of pastime. It was at—I am not goin' to mention where, but I sat down in the back pew and watched the worshippers filin' in.

"It was a quare sight, and it is wonderful how character and habits of life show right out in the gait, in the dress, in the sanctimoniousness, or in the piety, of any particular worshipper. Of course, there is this type and that type, but the first type of character that attracted my notice was a sad-faced young girl dressed plainly in a dress of threadbare black, who had the most resigned and beautiful look I uver saw in a human countenance.

"First of all, she was sharp on time, and she looked to me as if she belonged to the poorer classes, but she had a charm of manner that a princess might envy. I learned later on that she was a poor shop girl—the only support of a blind widow who happened to be her mother—and that she often had purty darn tough scratchin' to make ends meet on a five-dollar-a-week salary. I am not goin' to say what I did to help her out, for I nuver saw the girl before. But I will say that I put two ten-dollar bills and a five into an envelope and addressed it to her, just as an experiment. I wanted to see what she would do.

"Wal—as I expected to see her out next Sunday morning with a brand-new outfit of clothes, I naturally sat in the same seat and

watched her, and as the bell stopped ringin', along she came with a blind woman leanin' on her arm. She wore the same threadbare dress, but the blind woman beside her had on a nice new outfit from hat to shoes, plain but neat, and I'll nuver forget the look of happiness that was on that poor girl's face. 'Is she an angel?' I says to myself. 'Or will Eve crop out somewhere?' I says. Wal —Eve did crop out, for as she was passin' along, I noticed that her eyes were distillin' liquid, and long before she got past me, the tears began to fall.

"I was kind of mad at her when I saw the tears comin', but I forgave her the next day when I saw her givin' a friend a good old-fashioned hand-shake, and I at onct sent along twenty-five ten-dollar bills to which I pinned the followin' anonymous note:

"'I rather liked the stunt you did last Sunday. Take the old girl to see an eye doctor. He may be able to do something for her.'

"Now, wouldn't it be amusin' to know what kind of an idea that girl had of the one who was sendin' her the money, Bones, old man. She nuver saw me, that is, to recognize me, in her life."

"She would likely picture you as young,

and handsome, and kind, and good, Captain, and the fair vision would most likely haunt her as long as she lived. It is the sort of delusion a young, good-looking girl dearly loves. But she will never know that her benefactor is a grand old woman hater with a heart as big and as sweet as a puncheon of of molasses. Poor little girl!"

"Wal—that is make no difference, the last I heared of the widow was that she was bein' treated by a specialist with good chances of recoverin' her sight. Now, I suppose you are thinkin', Mr. Bones, that I was merely givin' in secret, as the Scriptures say, but it wasn't that. I don't mind dishin' out cash, but I can't stand any of the blubberin' they'll have when they come around sobbin' out what they call their gratitude at a fellow. I take particular pains not to give them the chance.

"But I am away off my story. I must return to my church characters. Of course, there were all kinds of dudes; the dude with the high collar, the dude with the white pants, the dude with the kid gloves and cane; the sanctimonious dude, the irreverent dude, the dude with his head poked out three or four inches in advance of his body. There was the lean dude, the fat dude, the cologne

dude, and the John De Kuyper dude. But the dude that took my attention was the red-nosed variety that strutted up to the front pew as if he remained late for the purpose of attractin' attention. I saw him the night before dishin' out booze over his own bar, but he was a different specimen there. His nose did not look so bad in contrast with a line-up of bottles, a white coat, and an apron, but it certainly looked a little conspicuous on its way to the front pew in a church. It was a peculiar nose, a really valuable specimen, something that a fellow might well be proud of.

"You are an expert, I suppose, my dear Bill Bones, at colourin' a meerschaum pipe. No? Wal—there is quite a knack in doin' it. It takes time and care. First of all, you fill the lower part of the bowl with twist and put a button on it, then you fill the top part with milder tobacco, and light her up. But you must exercise great care that you don't burn the pipe by gettin' it overheated, for then the nicotine won't absorb. But if you are sufficiently patient for a year or so, you can do the stunt all right. After you get the meerschaum coloured to your likin', you can send the pipe away and get it set.

"Wal—that booze-vender's nose must have

received similar treatment, for it was the most exquisitely coloured proboscis that uver I saw, and as the proud possessor strutted up the front pew, I could not keep from wonderin' to myself how much booze it required to produce such permanent tints, how long the process took, and what it cost. As for the settin' of the nose, it didn't require to be sent away. That was the beauty of it. It set itself, like an automatic hen.

"But while I sat in mute admiration of the wonderful snout of the booze-vender, I saw one sinner, standin' up behind, who hadn't the same appreciation of the exquisiteness of its colourin'. I wondered who that fellow was, for his face seemed familiar, when all of a sudden it dawned on me that I saw the booze-vender coaxin' him to have a drink the night before.

"It appears the poor, misfortunate fellow was an old customer who had gone astray to the extent of takin' the pledge for a year, and havin' heroically succeeded in fightin' down the old and well-know'd thirst, that tongue-stickin'-to-the-roof-of-your-mouth dryness that follows the cessation of the use of liquid refreshment, the fellow with the wonderful nose began to regard him as one of his black sheep. But this particular black

sheep was more or less of a coward, for he tripped up and fell over the booze-vender's sneer about bein' on the water-wagon now, drownin' in one small glass of booze all the good resolutions, the courage, the self-respect, and the backbone, he had acquired by seven months of hard fightin'.

"'Poor duvil!' I says to myself. 'Like the publican of old you stand down behind, meek, humble, subdued, and thoroughly ashamed of yourself,' I says, 'while the man who lured you to your doom struts up to the front pew like the old and well-know'd pharisee,' I says, 'with his exquisitely coloured proboscis leadin' the way,' I says, 'and as I meditated on the matter, I couldn't help thinkin' what quare things must be written in the books above."

"But how about the daughters of Eve?" asked Bones. "I suppose they were out in full force if the day was fine."

"The daughters of Eve! It was themselves that were out. There was the pompous old hen with the heavy eyebrows and three or four chins, followed by a thoroughly hen-pecked husband with all the feathers out of him; there was the long, lank, cadaverous-lookin', meat-axe specimen with little bangs droopin' over her forehead to

hide the wrinkles; there was the dapper little wabbly-necked creature with a load of straw, ribbons, birds' wings, cetera, on her head; there was the prim, swift-gaited little hen, with lightenin' movements; there was the willowy, wastin'-away, waistless, tightly-laced, fashionplate-designer's dream; and last but not least, there was the sombre, funereal, serious-lookin', husband-less variety that was just beginnin' to take notice again.

"It was truly a droll aggregation, my dear fellow, each individual of the bunch havin' his or her own idea of the width of the straight and narrow pathway that leads to the Mansions of the Blest. But what did I start in talkin' about?"

"About the cause of your anger and about Donald the Brewer's son," answered *The Thunderer's* irrepressible.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "Jimmie Donald the Brewer stirred me up like an aggressive dog would stir up a bellicose cat. And to make the matter all the worse, his silly father took me down to the good room to get my opinion of Jimmie, for the old duffer though that Jimmie was a purty darn clever fellow.

"'What should I make of him, Captain?' he says.

"'He's made now,' I says, 'that is,' I says to myself, 'if makin' a fool of a fellow is makin' anything of him.'

"'You don't tell me,' says the poor old fellow, who came to the erroneous conclusion that I thought a whole heap of Jimmie.

"'I *do* tell you,' I says. 'You made a fool of him long ago,' I says.

"'I suppose I did spoil him,' he says, 'but he is so very clever,' he says. 'What should I make of him?' he says.

"'It doesn't make any difference,' I says.

"'Why?' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'sence you are bound to know my opinion,' I says, 'I want to tell you that Jimmie is a first-class candidate for St. Jean Penitentiary,' I says.

"'How's that?' he says, bristlin' up considerably.

"'I'll tell you,' I says. 'Any fellow that would refuse to go out to the backwoods to cut firewood until his poor little lame sister should rip up the back of his old coat four or five inches to make it conform to the particular form of fashion idolatry in vogue in Little Frog Pond at the present time,' I says, 'should be in St. Jean Penitentiary,' I says, 'if he's not there already,' I says. 'Why,' I says, 'I'd wear out a whole side of

sole-leather kickin' that fellow from one end of the house to the other,' I says. 'I could forgive the daughter of a rural aristocrat for not wishin' to call at a pig-sty with a dish containin' the pig's dinner unless she were attired in fashionable raiment,' I says, 'although that would be bad enough,' I says; 'but that Jimmie of yours!' I says. 'He's too up-to-date,' I says; 'fact, the only place up-to-date enough for him is a modern penitentiary,' I says.

"'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, insultin' an old man in his own house?' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'if the truth about that young fashion-idolator disagrees with your stomach, I can't help that,' I says; 'you shouldn't call for anything that's on my bill of fare,' I says.

"'I am surprised at *you* talkin' indeed,' he says. 'You spent years in smugglin' booze,' he says, 'and in cheatin' the government out of the duty on rum and tobacco,' he says.

"'I know I am an old sinner,' I says, 'but I want to tell you right here that I am a very picturesque old sinner,' I says. 'As for Jimmie,' I says, 'if I owned him,' I says, 'I wouldn't even try to make a pig-feeder out of him, for I'd be afraid he'd spoil the pig,'

I says; 'so good-day to you, Donald, and good luck to the toe of your boot,' I says, 'particularly if it's headin' for Jimmie,' I says, and I skin'd out of the house."

"You were certainly good and sassy to the old fellow, Captain," Bones ventured.

"Wal," declared the sea-dog, "a seal of the Jimmie-Donald-the-Brewer type would be enough to make a saint feel like cussin'."

CHAPTER VI.

"SWELL TIMES IN BIG FROG POND."

After his return to Big Frog Pond, Captain Roderick missed Mr. Bones greatly. It was therefore not surprising that *The Thunderer's* irrepressible should get such a warm welcome on his return from Sydney, a few days later.

"You got my curiosity aroused the other day, Captain?" said Bones, "and you haven't satisfied it yet."

"How?" asked the sea-dog.

"Well, Captain," his guest went on to explain, "you remember telling me the other day that when Mary Captain John succeeded in hustling your housekeeper out of the dining-room, you conceived a certain idea, which you said you had since carried out; and when I asked you what it was, you said you would tell me later on. But you didn't tell me yet, and I am anxious to know."

"Wal—Bones," drawled the sea-dog, "you

are as curious as any old woman in the country. But I must tell you all about that idea."

Mr. Bones then settled himself down in a comfortable armchair, and the smuggler thus proceeded, after having cleared his throat:

"I told you I felt so mighty ashamed of myself after the way I acted at that formal dinner, that I skin'd in to Sydney for a few days, to give time a chance to heal the wounds made in the vanity of my aristocratic housekeeper and in that of her ultra polite daughter. And while I am speakin' of this matter, I want to mention that I left two visitors at my Big Frog Pond residence—the dashin' Widow Captain John, and her charmin' daughter Mary.

"There was also, in the near neighbourhood, a limb of the law know'd as Dannie Donald the Bad Man, with a purty face, insinuatin' manners, good address, and all kinds of that commodity popularly know'd as gall. He was a purty darn decent young chap, though, and had the *entrée* into all the leadin' houses in Big Frog Pond.

"As soon as he got me out of the way, therefore, my lad began visitin' the girls, and I was told that the bunch got the old organ in the front room goin', and fairly made the

rafters in this old house creak with music and song.

"Mamie could play anything in the line of music from *Starlight Waltz* to *Rubenstein in F,* whatuver that means, and as she had her eye on Dannie, she did all kinds of stunts to convince him how much superior she was to Mary Captain John, who was modest, unassumin', and not the least aggressive. My aristocratic housekeeper came to the conclusion, too, that Dannie was just about the proper kind of a son-in-law to have, so she did not spare herself in the direction of sidetrackin' her daughter's rival.

"The Widow Captain John also took quite a shine to Dannie, and rather liked the idea of that young brat comin' to the house uvery night, for although she would be very sorry to part with Mary, she was unselfish enough not to stand in the way of a good match.

"It's a wonder those two widows didn't scratch the eyes out of each other while I was away. The Widow Billie the Gentleman made no bones of her desire for a match between Mamie and Dannie, while the Widow Captain John just laid low, dependin' upon Dannie's ultimate descernment of the superiority of her daughter over her daughter's rival.

"Wal—between them all, they paid Dannie Donald the Duvil so many sly complements about his good looks, about his cleverness, cetera, and fed him so much cake and other unsubstantial stuff, that the young pup got swelled up like a toad you'd throw salt on. He was fairly bu'stin' with conceit when this old cat came home to have a look around to see how things were goin'.

"'Swell times in Big Frog Pond since you left, Captain,' he says to me.

"'Yes?' I says.

"'You bet your life,' he says. 'I was down to your house uvery evening after tea since you left,' he says.

"'Makin' love to the girls, Dannie, I suppose?' I says, wishin' to draw him out.

"'You bet,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'which one have you decided to have?' I says.

"'Can't say,' he says.

"'Perhaps you are takin' a notion to one of the widows?' I says.

"'Indeed, I'm not,' he says.

"'Wal—Dannie,' I says, 'which one of the girls is it to be?'

"'Mary Captain John,' he says, his eyes fairly shootin' out of his head with delight.

"'Do you think she'll have you?' I says.

"'Can't say,' he says. 'I like her better than Mamie, who is too darn prim, besides havin' too much to say,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, admirin' to myself the shrewd judgment of the kid, 'I suppose you'll be proposin' one of these days,' I says.

"'If I thought I'd get along well after gettin' through law next year, I'd propose at onct,' he says.

"Wal—I sized that up as a feeler—you know I paid that brat's way through college, and he talks to me like a sick child to its mother. I was tickled all to pieces, too, about the matter of his takin' a shine to Mary, who was a girl in ten thousand; but I know'd that young pup was as fickle as the winds that blow, and I didn't propose to encourage him into negotiatin' an engagement with Mary which might be broken for the first smooth-tongued girl that came along, so I came down on poor, misfortunate Dannie like the thousand of bricks in the proverb.

"'You said if you thought you'd get along well after gettin' through law, you'd get engaged to Mary, if she'd have you?' I says.

"'You bet your life I would,' he says.

"'Wal—Dannie,' I says, 'you must admit that I used you purty darn well since I took

a hold of you some years ago and pushed you through college.'

"'Indeed you have, Captain,' he says, with a look of gratitude in his face that knocked some of the sting off what I had intended to say to him.

"'Wal—then,' I says, 'I have been scuffin' about this old world for many a day, and I want to tell you that it's no paradise. It's a place where a fellow has to earn the bread he eats with the sweat of his brow, whether that sweat be figurative, or literally oozin' out from underneath his hat. I am goin' to shove you right through the mill, but the day you get admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia, I intend to cut the tow-line and let you poke along the very best way you know how.

"'Now, let me analyze your prospects,' I says. 'You are good-lookin', and I want to say right here that your good looks is the greatest drawback you can have. Clients won't come to you because you happen to be burdened with a correct profile and classic regularity of feature, for when people want an animal to guard their property, they do not go out and buy a fancy pup that has nuver done anything but frisk around a parlour; they buy an ugly old bull-dog with

its face all scarred from bein' up against tough propositions.

"A purty pup, all decorated with ribbon, may be all right followin' an outfit of silly girls to a birthday party, but when it comes to guardin' a man's valuable property, give me the ugly bull-dog uvery time. A purty lawyer may be all right as an escort at a five o'clock tea, particularly if he's young, but when it comes to scrappin' in court, to makin' an unwillin' witness cough up his story, or makin' a liar contradict himself, you want the ugly old fighter with the growl.

"You may develop into a bull-dog after a while, but as yet you are only a raw, good-lookin' pup with drawin'-room accomplishments and a tenor squeak instead of a bark. People that want to retain the services of a lawyer won't ask how popular he is with the girls, or if he is good-lookin', or if his clothes are in unison with the latest fad.

"No, Dannie Donald the Duvil; that's as sure as you are a foot high! But they will ask: Is he a hustler? Can he be relied upon? Will he work all day and all night in a pinch? Can he tell the difference between the broadside from a man-o'-war and the bluff-toot of a fog-horn? And if he can scent a bluff, has he got the necessary backbone to stand up

and call that bluff? These are some of the specifications you are required to fill before you can think of askin' any girl to let you make her miserable life more miserable.

"Do you think you are able to fill them now? I hope not, for if you do, your case is hopeless. But if you don't—and I believe you have enough of good sense in your make-up to convince you that you don't—then keep away from girls like Mary Captain John. She's a mighty fine girl that, and I want to say right here that it would be a shame to see her hitched up in a marriage tandem with a pup of your dimensions on the lead,' I says.

"'Wait until you are knee-high to an ordinary grasshopper before thinkin' of hitchin' up,' I says; 'wait until you can earn an honest dollar or two,' I says; 'wait until you have frozen on to enough money over livin' expenses to buy a ton of coal or a load of wood,' I says; 'nay, more, wait until you are in a position to offer some nice virtuous young girl a home accordin' to her station in life,' I says, 'and then, if Mary Captain John is around, you can step up to her man-fashion and ask her if she'd have any particular objections to acceptin' an honest man's love. But keep your pup-love for your law

books,' I says, 'until you absorb enough of them to make you regarded as a full-grown dog.'

"Wal—Bones, that took all the starch out of poor Dannie Donald the Bad Man, and made him as limp as a rag. If I didn't like him mighty well, and if I didn't have an eye on Mary Captain John as a wife for him, I'd have given him a sort of an evasive answer. But I wanted to see them hitched up, and I didn't want to run the risk of havin' Mary gettin' completely disgusted with him before he got full-fledged.

"I know'd that if I could keep him in his place by thumpin' the conceit out of him as it accumulated, I might be able to make something out of him, so I thumped good and hard. I know'd well enough, too, that the young brat would get married sooner or later, and as gettin' married is the next best thing to remainin' single, I decided to prevent Dannie from hitchin' up with one of those dreamy, languid, cawn't-do-without-a-servant aggregations of laziness with extravagant habits and a bad temper.

"They can smile as sweetly as a teaspoonful of honey and they can talk as softly as an evening zephyr when they're encouragin' a poor duvil to fall in love with them; but

they're twice as fatal to a man's happiness as a dose of carbolic!

"Of course, it was no use to give Dannie any pointers on the cussedness of the old and well-know'd sex. He wouldn't listen to pointers on cussedness. He didn't see enough of life to know that he could work himself to death for one of those cussed creatures, and she'd simply raise the very Old Nick because her hat was three-quarters of an inch narrower than Mrs. John H. Rival's hat, if wide hats should happen to be the particular form of fashion-idolatry in vogue at the time. He didn't know that if he happened to break down in health and go bu'st financially that instead of sympathizin' with him, one of those cussed creatures would go out among the neighbours lookin' for sympathy on the mistake she made in marryin' him.

"'Poor thing,' some of them would say, for you'll find people that would shed a tear over the duvil himself.

"'Yes,' she would say, 'if I had only married half a man instead of Dannie Donald the Bad Man, I'd be all right. It's bad luck that's followin' the son of a man supposed to be in league with Old Scratch.'

"But Mary Captain John wasn't of the cussed variety, for I know'd that if Dannie

should happen to break down in health and go bu'st financially, he'd be a darn lucky fellow to have Mary Captain John for a wife. She wouldn't say she wasn't married to half a man—that she only married an infernal lobster. She would simply put her loyal arms around his throat and say:

"'Nuver mind, dearie. I'd be happy anywhere with you. We can easily make another start in life. I can do with all the purty clothes you gave me for a year or more. I can teach music, we can take a few boarders, and we can easily keep the house goin' until you are well again, so don't be discouraged, dearie. You were so good and kind to me—you nuver thought of yourself; and now all your little girl wants is a chance to prove her love for you.'

"That's the kind of a speech that Mary would jolly Dannie along with, and I'll bet you she would have him on his feet again inside of a year. Besides, if her eyes developed a tendency to distill liquid, she would go somewhere by herself three or four times a day and pump them dry cryin', so that Dannie wouldn't know that she shed as much as a single drop of tears."

"How did Dannie and Mary size up as regards looks?" asked the reporter.

"Wal," drawled the smuggler, "Dannie was about five feet eight in his sock feet, was rather sturdy in appearance, and his face was as handsome as you'd see in a day's travel. Brown eyes, rosy cheeks, black hair! He was quite a fine specimen, I tell you, and I know'd that if I could only get him over his pup-like proclivities, he would be the makin's of a mighty fine fellow.

"Mary was different. She was nearly as tall as Dannie, but her hair was golden and her eyes were blue—a frank, open, honest blue that let the light of a beautiful soul shine right out at a fellow. Fact, she was the most guileless and single-hearted creature I uver came across.

"She know'd what it was to have to economize, and she had an uncommonly large share of that mighty rare commodity know'd as common sense. But the beauty of it all, my dear friend, was that she was a Cape Breton girl—born right here in Big Frog Pond. Her father was Captain of the *Blomidon;* he died in Halifax, and his widow has been keepin' boarders there for a livin' uver since his death."

"How did Dannie take what you said about his prospects of getting Mary?" was *The Thunderer's* next question.

"He started to arg' the point. 'Constant attentions,' he says, 'will win almost any girl's heart,' he says, 'and I believe it would only take a few more visits to your residence,' he says, 'and a few more boxes of chocolates to land Mary's heart,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I object to your spendin' the money I gave you for your education in chocolates for the girls,' I says, 'and I want to tell you right here that unless you are purty darn careful, I'll shut off your allowance entirely, and let you get out and rustle for the cash to pay the rest of your way through college,' I says.

"'A barrel of chocolates dished out to a girl in two-pound boxes a couple of times a week for a year, forty or fifty theatre tickets, thirty or forty boquets, cetera, may succeed in disgustin' a girl into thinkin' she loves a chocolate-philanthropist, but the poor, misfortunate fellow usually finds that he's got a mighty worthless brand of the much-talked-of commodity called love,' I says; 'and then,' I says, 'the boquet-king usually has to develop into a kissin'-bug to keep that variety of wife from bein' ultra sassy to him,' I says.

"'I remember bein' invited out to tea one evening,' I says, 'by a fellow who married

that variety of girl, and as we entered the house together, his wife met us at the door. He passed in ahead of me, and I followed him.

"'I noticed she looked mighty disappointed over something—at least, she began to cut up shines at onct, for, to make a long story short, if she received her trainin' in the lower regions, she couldn't possibly have acted the demon better,' I says. 'She raved, and sassed, and kicked up dust until I didn't know whether I was standin' on my head or my heels. I thought she was mad at him for bringin' me around—you know women sometimes take that kind of a kink—and when I got a good chance, I says to him: "What's the matter, Billie?" "Not much," he says, thoroughly ashamed of the way things were goin'. "I didn't kiss her when I came home," he says, and I bu'sted out laughin'. "Wal," I says, "if that's all," I says, "call her over to where you are for the purpose of whisperin' something in her ear," I says, "and give her a good smack," I says. He did call her over. "Come here, dearie," he says, "until I whisper something," he says; "I forgot—" and with that he gave her a smack of his mouth loud enough to rattle the dishes on the sideboard,' I says.

"'Wal—the effect was instantaneous. Her face broke into smiles; her voice lost its broken-saucer ring; fact, she became suddenly transformed from a veritable little demon into a thing of beauty and a joy foruver, to use the well-know'd slang of the poet. Now, you see, Dannie, how the poor duvil fared that I lent many's a dollar to until pay-day to buy chocolates for that very girl,' I says. 'It's not altogether the chocolates,' I says; 'it's the girl with the proclivity for demandin' attentions,' I says.

"'If you thoroughly respect and admire a girl for her good qualities, cetera,' I says, 'and if you are in a position to support a wife and are anxious to settle down and get married,' I says, 'go to the girl and say: "I think an infernal pile of you," if that's the conventional slang of the game, and if she's worth havin', she'll have you without bein' fed on chocolates, cetera, until her stomach's upset and her complexion's gone. But understand me, Dannie,' I says. 'I don't want to keep you from makin' a fool of yourself if you enjoy bein' one. I rather like your style of pup, for if you are careful, you can develop into something yet,' I says.

"'You are very fortunate in havin' Donald the Duvil for your father,' I says, 'for a

lawyer is just what the people would expect his only son to be. You know the people have got into the habit of lookin' upon your father as bein' more or less in league with the powers of darkness on account of his nickname,' I says, 'which will help the Big Frog Pond end of your practice,' I says, 'for there is hardly an old woman in the whole neighbourhood who will believe that a lawyer will go to heaven, particularly a son of Donald the Bad Man,' I says; 'but as I don't want you to miss what you are pleased to call swell times in Big Frog Pond, Dannie,' I says, 'I'll be expectin' you in to-night again,' I says."

"Did he come, Captain?"

"Wal—I should say he did!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE.

As Mr. Bones had a sympathetic ear, nothing pleased him better than to sit listening to Captain Roderick, especially when the latter happened to be relating his experiences or to be giving his views on the great questions of the day. Particularly interesting to the reporter was the smuggler's account of his experiences with the young law student. After tea that evening, therefore, the genial guest was quite ready to hear more from his host of Dannie Donald the Bad Man, and it did not take him long to get Captain Roderick going on Dannie as a topic, although the philosopher showed a marked tendency to wander away from his subject on to side issues which, he seemed to think, were of greater importance.

"How did Dannie get along that night?" asked Bones.

"Wal," drawled the Sage of Big Frog Pond, "when I got home the women were discussin' the fashions, and if there is one

subject more than another that I like to get them goin' on, it is the subject of fashions. Of course, they are purty darn good on the servant girl problem, and on the shortcomings of their neighbours; but they wax particularly eloquent on the latest styles in hats, dresses, cetera. It's amusin' to watch the peculiar keenness noticeable in their faces when they get chewin' their cuds over what's doin' in the hat line or in the dress line. But that ain't neither here nor there.

"When I got into the house after knockin' the sawdust out of the artificial dog Dannie Donald the Duvil had imagined himself to be, the women were all huddled up around the fire in this very room, like a crowd of wet hens, and my appeaance caused a slight flurry amongst them.

"'Glad to see you back, Captain,' they says to me, but I was inclined to doubt their word. As I didn't have very much evidence that they weren't glad, howuver, I let it go at that.

"I was sure that Mary Captain John was glad to see me back, for she jumped up to help me off with my overcoat. 'I know your hands are cold,' she says, 'after drivin'-so far,' she says, 'so if you'll let me, Captain, I'll open the buttons of your overcoat.'

"Thoughtful, wasn't she? Wal—I should say she was. But I ain't used to such attentions, and while I'd resent such a suggestion from any other daughter of Eve, I rather liked this particular one for Dannie's sake, so I says:

"'Nuver mind,' I says, 'I'm quite able to handle the old coat myself, thank you, Mary,' I says, so she resumed her seat. 'Go on with your gossip, women,' I then said to them. 'Don't mind me,' I says.

"That was sufficient. The tension was released and the conversation began again with Mamie on the floor. Wal—you should have heared her. She had apparently just started in talkin' about brides' dresses and bridesmaids' dresses when I came on the scene, for the Widow Captain John says:

"'Continue your description of the coquetries for bridesmaids' gowns.'

"'Wal,' says Mamie, 'I told you the waist was of cream-white point d'esprit over taffeta linin' of the same shade, with bertha of point de Venise to match.'

"'Yes,' says my aristocratic housekeeper. 'Pointed yoke-band, I suppose?' she says.

"'Yes,' says Mamie, 'and sleeve-bands of delicate cream-coloured appliqué lace. Four-piece Empire skirt of cream-white crêpe de

Chine made in sweep length and trimmed with three groups of tucks.'

"'How charmin'!' says the Widow Captain John. 'And what did you say was all the rage for brides?' she says.

"'Princess gown of white messaline,' Mamie repeated, 'with appliqué trimmin' of Princess lace runnin' to a point in the middle of the back. Puffed undersleeves of white chiffon; ruffles of Princess lace, with insertion and deep arm-bands to correspond,' she says.

"Needless to say, old chap, I was completely flabbergasted. I was mad, too, for it began to dawn on me that the whole outfit had their eyes on Dannie Donald the Bad Man. You know it looked mighty much like gettin' down to business when the old hens were so interested in bridal gowns and bridesmaids' dresses.

"I liked Dannie, and I was bound that there would be no such thing as a conspiracy for an alliance with my protégé in which I did not have a hand, so I hit right out from the shoulder by askin' Mamie to translate the slang of the worshippers of the fickle goddess into ordinary English so that I could take in the latest specifications for bridal raiment. But she was unable to do so, she said, owin'

to the fact that the slang of the idolators had become current speech in the old and well-know'd Kingdom of Fashion.

"Wal—I was in purty darn good talkin' humour, so I gave that outfit some pointers that weren't point de Chine or point d' esprit.

"'The world has gone mad on one point,' I says, 'and that point is raiment,' I says. 'The majority of your sex have an insatiable vanity in the matter of dress—a cravin' for new clothes, for purty clothes, for clothes a little better and clothes a little different from somebody else's clothes; and on this vanity, this insatiable greed for fantastic raiment, the fashion manipulators play almost uvery imaginable kind of tune. It's quare, but it's true,' I says.

"'New styles are started in Paris this year, and they soak all the ways down through the warp and woof of human society, settin' the female portion of the human species mad, until they finally reach Big Frog Pond, about two years hence. Onct hoops were all the vogue, but womenkind soon got tired of lookin' like movin' molasses puncheons, so the fashion manipulators compromised on that abomination know'd as bustles. These in turn gave way to one abomination after another until the female

portion of the human race succeeded in imitatin' all the varieties of form from that of a wasp to that of a kangaroo,' I says.

"'They crave for a change,' I says, 'and the shell-and-pea, now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't-see-it manipulators of fashion give it to them uvery time. They have to pay for it, howuver, that is, of course, if they can't get it on credit,' I says.

"'One year,' I says, 'green is all the rage; next year, it is gray. One season broad-brimmed hats howl for recognition, and up goes the price of straw; another season, narrow hats are the vogue, and the corner on straw is broken; next season, hats droop like weepin' willows over a grave, and cast a gloom over the whole country; while next season, hats assume the shape of a sou'-wester or of a coal-scuttle or of a soup tureen turned upside down,' I says, 'makin' uverbody feel like bu'stin' out laughin',' I says. 'But,' I says, 'the hat business got a cold chill sent down its old and well-know'd back when a gang of purty darn sensible women started the bare-head craze which was nothing more or less than a boycott on the hat business. Even the worm will turn occasionally,' I says, 'particularly when it's pinched good and hard,' I says, 'and al-

though some uncharitable people were bold enough to say that the bare-head craze was the outcome of a limited purse, I rather think it was more or less the result of a rebellion brought about by an enraged common sense,' I says.

"'But,' says Mamie, quite anxious to shift the subject, I could see, 'men are just as bad as women when it comes to chasin' after a new style,' she says.

"'They are as bad,' I says, 'that is,' I says, 'if they ain't worse. One season it's a long coat; next, it's a monkey jacket; next, it's a jacket with a split half way up the back. Then, there is the low vest followed by a high vest, and the broad, flat hat followed by the round, turned-up hat,' I says. 'But,' I says, 'I want to point out one thing you'll notice runnin' through the whole game, and it is this: the fashion of one season is in sharp contrast to that of the season immediately precedin' it.'

"'Why?' says one of the women.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I'll tell you why. It's because the manipulators wish to have people discard old-style hats, caps, and raiment for some new abomination by makin' the new abomination conspicuous. It's covetousness—greed for the dollar bill!' I

says. 'People haven't got the backbone to resist, particularly the women,' I says, 'but they nearly all dance to the latest tune of the fashion jugglers as if they were manipulated by a piece of elastic like the dancin' men we used to make out of cardboard when we were kids,' I says.

"'They might like to do some kickin', but let any new kind of fashion-worship come into vogue,' I says, 'and down the majority of the people will get on their callous knees to adore it. Just let a fashion thug set a new craze a-goin',' I says, 'and your ears will at onct be filled with the clickin' of thousands of censors as the worshippers offer up incense to the fickle goddess,' I says.

"'People haven't got the necessary backbone to resist the new species of idolatry,' I says. 'Why, the average woman would rather be accused of the heinous crime of murder than the more heinous crime of bein' out of the style. It's a species of crime no woman will be guilty of if she can help it,' I says.

"'Talk about your gold-brick men,' I says, 'your confidence men, your thugs, your highwaymen,' I says, 'but none of them can hold a candle to the fashion manipulator. He is the criminal par excellence of to-day,' I says,

'and there should be a code of laws enacted prescribin' a national dress and makin' it a criminal offense to degrade poor people, or to attempt to degrade poor people, into cravin' for variations of this disgustin' kind of idolatry know'd as fashion-worship,' I says. 'Talk about your dry throat after an over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulant,' I says. 'It ain't in it with the craze for the latest style of raiment.'

"'I can almost see His Royal Highness, Monsieur John Hector Styles, King of Fashion and Emperor of the Kingdom of Fools, with headquarters in the city of Paris, busy with a lead pencil creatin' fads for the *élégantes* of the world for the comin' summer season,' I says. 'He begins a year ahead,' I says, 'and he usually has purty darn hard work thinkin' out something that will so sharply contrast with what was worn the season before that the worshippers will be ashamed to appear out in their last season's raiment. "How will that do for the fools, for one thing?" he says to a representative of the Factories Syndicate, some years ago. "How'll what do?" says his friend. "Costume of pearl-gray pongé, skirt untrimmed, long jacket covered with vermicelli soutache of same colour, hat of sage green trimmed

with aigrettes of same shade. I think that toilette extremely chic," he says. "Wal," says the Syndicate man, holdin' his hands up in holy horror, "I rather like it on general principles, but it is too near like what was worn the year before last, and I assure Your Fashionable Highness that the trade can't stand the resurrection of old dresses that were worn the year before last. The contrast isn't sharp enough. Give us sweepin' changes all around for the fools," he says. So, His Fashionable Highness had to crawl down and create something startlin' to keep the fools of the kingdom trottin' along at the usual brisk pace; and although in so doin' he violated all the canons of his fickle art, he succeeded in creatin' a veritable outrage which took the Kingdom of Fools by storm. "Sales were nuver as large," says the wholesale trade; "orders came in so fast from our ordinary, stick-in-the-mud-and-stay, five-per-cent men that the factories had to work double shift to supply the idolators, and were the orders not taken six months ahead of the actual season, we couldn't supply one-half the demand."

"'It was truly wonderful how the retailers disposed of tons of the new abomination,' I says, 'for the fools of the Kingdom took to

it like a hungry cat would take to fresh fish, and if there is one thing more than another that stirs up the ambition of a cat's stomach, it's fresh fish.'

"'You're too hard on His Fashionable Highness,' says Mamie.

"'I'm not,' I says, 'for he's the arch criminal of to-day,' I says, 'and if a Bill entitled *An Act to Bring People to Their Senses in the Matter of Clothing,* providin' for a national costume for men and women, were introduced into the legislature of Nova Scotia,' I says, 'it'd have my most cordial support,' I says.

"Wal—Mamie didn't like the idea, but Mary Captain John did, and I want to say right here that Mary had more good old-fashioned common sense in her little finger than Mamie had in her whole carcass.

"'That's right, Captain,' she says. 'You're right there. Why,' she says, 'the benighted Oriental is away ahead of us in regard to clothes. In the Orient the style has been the same for over two thousand years, and yet we think we are so mighty smart right here in the noonday blaze of Anglo-Saxon civilization. In the Orient the styles for women are simple and their costumes are modest, but here most of the

fashionable costumes are elaborate and a great many of them are literally disgustin',' she says. 'Not so,' she says, 'in the good old days in Scotland, when the only variation in the Highland costume was the plaid of the clan. Then it did not make any difference as long as the heart was good and true, but now,' she says—and she stopped to think, which gave me a chance to say:

"'But now, men and women must be attired in the latest freak of the fashion thug; otherwise,' I says, 'they are liable to receive suspicious glances from the police and sarcastic smiles from their fellow fools of the Kingdom,' I says. 'You're right there, Mary, about our Highland ancesters,' I says; 'they would scorn the clothing of their degenerate descendants. Just think what one of them would say if he should happen to drop down in Big Frog Pond with its youth lookin' like a page in the catalogue of a departmental store,' I says.

"'In my time the boys used to fight for pastime, but now they look over the pages of the latest catalogue of raiment for amusement, and their eyes are so used to lookin' in the grooves of fashion that they can detect the slightest variation from the chic à-la-mode-ness of any given style,' I says.

"'The world has gone mad on the subject of dress,' I says, 'particularly the women,' I says, 'for things are after comin' to such a pass that one woman will hardly be civil to another unless she is dressed along the latest lines of the arch criminal. Why, if a woman whose attire, although decent, is not à la mode, should find herself in the company of half a dozen up-to-date idolators of the female sex, she'd soon realize that she'd be as unwelcome as a chunk of ice shoved down the back of your neck. Indeed, if she had leprosy germs in her hat, she couldn't be less wanted. She would be as irreconcilable to her surroundin's as a pugnacious dog would be to half a dozen cats,' I says.

"'Men are bad enough, but not quite that bad,' I says. 'Of course, there's Donald with the proclivity for havin' his coat ripped up the back, and Donald with a leanin' towards the new hand-shake; but then, if Donald with the elbows out of his coat, should find himself among half a dozen fashionable Donalds, and if he's a jolly good fellow, ten to one they'll hit him on the back until his old coat will cough up all its dust,' I says, 'and will laugh at his jokes until they kick the toes out of their shoes. They would be

blind to his peculiar absence of style,' I says."

"You started to tell me how Dannie Donald the Bad Man got along the first night after your return from Sydney," Mr. Bones interrupted.

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did, Captain."

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "when Dannie came that night, he got a royal welcome. 'Awfully glad you came,' 'We were just wishin' that you'd come,' were some of the nice things they said to that half-grown dog. But he was so mighty subdued that they soon began to wonder what the trouble was.

"'What's the matter, Dannie?' says Mamie. 'You're unusually quiet to-night,' she says.

"'Why, yes,' says Mamie's mother.

"They didn't know that I'd been givin' Dannie a bit of my mind, but if they only got a peep at his vanity, they'd have seen some nice, well-merited black stripes that took some of the pup-like friskiness out of Dannie and made him feel that if he waited long enough, he'd develop into a purty darn useful fellow. I felt kind of sorry for the poor duvil, though, but I liked him too well to see him grow into a failure, so I didn't spare the

switch whenuver I found it conducive to my protégé's spiritual or temporal well-being to use it generously."

"I am afraid you were a little too hard on poor Dannie Donald the Bad Man," Bones ventured.

"That depends," said the sea-dog. "You know there's nothing so good for a young fellow as a few swift knocks. It prevents a great many castles from gettin' into his head, and has a tendency to keep him from allowin' bees to buzz around inside of his hat.

"Of course, if I wanted Dannie to develop into an ornament, I'd have tied a piece of pink ribbon around his neck, and while I wouldn't be teachin' him to purr, I'd be trainin' him to look pleasant whenuver any one called *Pussie.* But I wanted Dannie to develop into a bull-dog, so I nuver missed an opportunity of givin' him a cut of the whip whenuver he showed any tendency to frisk instead of holdin' out his paw.

"Take poor Billie the Girl for example. He was brought up to wash dishes, cetera, and was protected from all kinds of hard knocks until he developed about as much backbone as a piece of cotton. If his teacher was unkind to Billie, the misfortunate fellow was allowed to stay home, and if the other

boys poked fun at his curls, he was escorted to and from school. It was nothing but—'Poor Billie's so sensitive, and he's so gentle, and he's so refined!'

"Wal—he developed such womanish proclivities that he soon became know'd as Billie the Girl. He could cry and pout; fact, he was a post-graduate in the art of sulkin'. But he was only good for doin' such stunts as pickin' berries, talkin' botany, cetera, when he could have been made into a mighty useful citizen. The fellow was mighty clever, too, in some respects.

"Now, Dannie was a trifle conceited about his good looks, and was just beginnin' to think that he was a little better than anybody else, so I kept clinchin' the rivits, where the conceit bubbled out, with a sledge-hammer. What I aimed at principally was Dannie's pup-like cussedness in thinkin' that he could pay attention to half a dozen girls at the same time.

"That was where his inexperience was croppin' out. I know'd well enough that he'd find out some time or another that one of the cussed creatures would demand as much attention as he could afford to pay to any human being. But it wasn't any kindness to allow him to wait until he found out for him-

self. I wanted him to know a thing or two early in the game, so I plied the switch vigorously, always adjustin' the blows to the thickness of the skin between Dannie's shoulders."

CHAPTER VIII.

THOSE LESSONS.

Before retiring at night, Captain Roderick usually went out to the stable to see that his horse had been made comfortable, and it appears that on this particular night, when he was returning to the house, he slipped and slightly injured his ankle, with the result that he had to remain in bed for a couple of days. Mr. Bones offered to sit up with him, but he would not listen to such a proposal. *The Thunderer's* irrepressible spent all the next day in his room, however, and as he was in exceptionally good talking humour, and not suffering any pain, he told the reporter all about the queer story that had got around about his taking lessons in etiquette and dancing from Mamie Widow Billie the Gentleman, B. A.

"You never finished telling me how that story got started about Mamie Widow Billie giving you pointers in etiquette and dancing,

Captain?" was the way Mr. Bones broached the subject.

"Wal—no," the smuggler acknowledged, "and it makes my blood simmer uvery time I think of the way the laugh was turned on me about those misfortunate lessons, for after the Widow Captain John and her daughter Mary returned to Halifax, Mamie began givin' me more pointers on how to behave myself.

"She took up several topics, among them that of *Shoppin'*. She had a whole lot of *Don'ts* about purchasin'. 'If the article doesn't suit you, *don't* take it,' she says. 'If it is too dear,' she says, 'and you want something cheaper, *don't* hesitate to ask for it. If the price seems too dear, *don't* start in runnin' down the article. Remember that *Thank you* and *Please* are easily said, so *don't* hesitate to say them. *Don't* haggle over the price of any given article, cetera,' she says.

"Wal—I let her go on in that way for a while, then I decided it was about time to bring her to her senses. 'See here, Mamie,' I says, 'it ain't no use tryin' your decoction of *Dont's* on me. There is only one *Don't* in purchasin', and that is, *Don't let the other fellow get ahead of you,*' I says.

"'As for the counter-hoppers, cetera, why,

they don't care a fig how sassy you are, providin' you have a full purse. A full purse or a large bank account is just the kind of sass they want to get up against. I was poor onct,' I says, 'and I want to say right here that there was mighty little fuss made about me by the shop people then. But now, they bow like pasteboard jumpin'-jacks uvery time I appear on the scene. If your purse is lean, you couldn't work them for a paper of pins; but if it's fat, you could be as sassy as you like, and they'd sell you anything in the shop. It's the dollar-bill ends stickin' out of your purse that makes the difference. That's the philosophy of it,' I says.

"'Just go out into the world and tell your friends that you are broke,' I says, 'and you'll see them dodgin' behind fences, disappearin' around corners, and crossin' to the opposite side of the street,' I says, 'for if there's one man more than another that isn't popular it's the man with a vacancy in his pocket and a blank note of hand in his fist,' I says.

"'The welcome you get in a store doesn't depend on the number of polite things you can work off the end of your tongue,' I says, 'but it does depend on the number of dollars you can jingle in your pocket or rattle in

your bank account,' I says, 'but *don't* let me interrupt your lecture, Mamie,' I says, so she proceeded.

"Wal—that evening I took a stroll towards the outskirts, as usual, and I saw a quare look in the faces of those I met. I know'd something was in the air; fact, I could almost feel that something unusual had happened, for the people I met had a quare expression in their eyes, and on their faces, as if a little that was inside their curious souls began to soak through, or to leak out. I know'd it was about myself, but I couldn't imagine what it was, for the look was half-contemptuous, half-disgusted, so I almost intuitively reached the conclusion that the story must be of unusual importance.

"'Anything new?' I says to half a dozen loafers who were hangin' around Billie the Merchant's empty shop.

"'Nothing new, Captain,' three or four of them lied with their lips, but they couldn't lie with their eyes, so I began to get mighty suspicious, and mighty curious, too, I tell you.

"What was I to do? Was I to hang around and listen, or was I to take a more up-to-date method of doin' the trick?

"'Money makes the mare go,' I says to

myself, 'at least it can furnish the oats, whip, cetera,' I says, so I harnessed up and made a bee-line for St. Lawrence Station, and sent a telegram to Detective Presland, of Halifax, askin' him to come to Big Frog Pond without a moment's delay. I was bound to detail an expert on the case. But Detective Presland was a trifle slow in comin,' so I decided to take the bull by the horns myself, even if there was more or less danger of gettin' gored to death.

"Wal—to make a long story short, I drove right out to see Donald the Bad Man, on my return to Big Frog Pond, only to find the same quare look in Donald's eyes and the same quare expression bubblin' through the wrinkles in his old and well-know'd face.

"'Any news?' I says, as a feeler.

"'Wal—no,' he says—and you should have seen the demoniacal look on the old fellow's face. I could see at a glance that he was lyin', but how was I to pump the truth out of him?

"The old man had one weakness that I know'd of, howuver, and that weakness was his son Dannie—the young brat I was tryin' to make a man of—so I talked Dannie to old Donald the Duvil for a while, which had the

effect of makin' the old man warm up to me considerably.

"'Wal,' I says, 'don't you consider me a friend of yours and of Dannie's?' I says.

"'Undoubtedly,' he says, but with something wabbly about the emphasis that I didn't like.

"'Wal—then,' I says, 'there is a nasty slander goin' around about me, and I want to know the worst,' I says, 'for you know, Donald,' I says, 'that when there is a yarn goin' around, the man immediately concerned is usually the last to be told about it.'

"Wal—you should have see'd the old sinner. He simply doubled up, like as if he took different kinds of pains in his stomach, and then I began to suspect that he himself had something to do with spreadin' the story around Big Frog Pond, for he squirmed and twisted like a convicted criminal awaitin' sentence.

"'Disgorge,' I says, 'for that's the only way to relieve the tremendous pressure that is bein' brought to bear on you from within,' I says.

"Wal—he grinned the ugliest grin that I uver expect to see this side the bottomless pits, and then coughed up the whole story.

"'You see, Captain, my dear old friend,' he says, 'it was this way. The story goes that when you realized how deficient you were in those arts, graces, and accomplishments, pertainin' to high life, you took advantage of the presence of the Widow Billie the Gentleman and her daughter Mamie in the neighbourhood, and hired the old widow as your housekeeper for the purpose of gettin' Mamie to give you some pointers on social usages, and of teachin' you to waltz, two-step, militaire, schottishe, cetera,' he says.

"'And the story goes,' he says, 'that your aristicratic housekeeper got up formal dinners for the purpose of breakin' some of the raw edges off your table manners, which onct only consisted of a good appetite.'

"'Go on,' I says, quiet enough, although I felt like Mount Vesuvius, ready to bu'st at any moment.

"'Wal—Captain,' he says, 'they are sayin' that Mamie and her mother were so turribly shocked at your uncouth behavior when certain swell guests were present at one of those formal dinners, that the former bu'sted out cryin' and the latter fainted; and that you were so mighty ashamed of the breaks you made that you gave them twenty dollars

apiece to buy new hats and then made a bee-line for Sydney,' he says.

"'Is that all?' I says, bu'stin' out laughin', although it was quite a contract to laugh under the circumstances.

"'Is that all?' he says, fairly overcome with surprise that I should appear so indifferent.

"'Wal—Captain,' he says, 'I think that is sufficient,' at which I roared out laughin'.

"'Who told you all that stuff?' I says.

"'Jo Joey Joseph Jo,' he says, so I made a bee-line for that well-know'd character's house.

"Jo Joey Joseph Jo is an old friend of mine, and I found him quite ready to tell me all he knew. He corroberated Donald the Bad Man's version, and when I asked him if that was all, he opened out and gave me some additional information.

"'You see, accordin' to the story, Captain,' he says, 'pointers on behaviour were only one portion of your course. Dancin' was supposed to form another portion, and they are sayin' that Mamie would whirl around the room, countin' 1-2-3, 1-2-3, 1-2-3, 1-2-3, and that you would follow her with a chair in your arms for a partner. Some went so far as to say that the reason you and Mamie

weren't waltzin' together was that she was afraid that you would step on her toes with your number-ten feet; others, that your principal reason for not whirlin' around with Mamie was your old and well-know'd prejudice against the fair sex,' he says, 'while some others were uncharitable enough to say that you would cut quite an elegant figure at some of those grand functions up in Halifax, whirlin' around a ball-room with your arms busy embracin' a piece of furniture,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'is that all you heared about it?'

"'That's about all,' he says, 'and I was mighty sorry to hear anything like that goin' around about my old friend. It was Jo For Short that was tellin' me,' he says, so I lost no time in huntin' up Jo For Short for an interview.

"Jo For Short isn't hard to find, particularly if he thinks there's a bottle of whiskey about a fellow's clothes, and I took the precaution of havin' a flask of the best of Scotch on my person before I went to look for the Wag from Juniperville. It didn't take me long to find him and to put a couple of good drinks down his thirsty throat. But Jo always develops very sticky characteristics

after the whiskey begins to work, and the first thing I know'd he had his arms around my neck. I didn't like that part of the ceremony, although I didn't resent it, particularly when he began coughin' up the story without bein' asked to do so.

"'What turrible things have they goin' around about my dear old friend?' he says to me. 'About his takin' dancin' lessons from his housekeeper's daughter, and lessons in behaviour, cetera?' he says. 'Why, the whole neighbourhood is agog with all kinds of rumours. Only last night I was down to see your old political opponent, one Billie the Merchant, the man with the empty shop, the bu'sted philanthropist of Big Frog Pond, and he told me some quare things about you. He said that Mamie was busily engaged in polishin' up your manners for Halifax society, and that she had quite a contract on hand. Why, he said, it must have been amusin' to see the poor girl manœuvrin' the uncouth old sea-duvil in and out of a room. First, she'd get him to come in the parlour door and make the regulation bow, which was a mighty difficult thing for him to do gracefully, in view of the fact that his back was developed without calisthenics; but it was when she was tryin' to teach him to back

out of a room gracefully that he furnished all the fun, for the old duffer nuver seemed to be able to aim straight for the exit, and usually landed up against the wall, or bumped his head against the side of the door,' says Jo.

"'And they are sayin' that at the formal dinners you cut up all sorts of shines, Captain,' he says, 'and made all the old breaks in new ways—that you sneezed into your napkin instead of into your pocket handkerchief, that you picked your teeth with your fingers, and that you made as much noise drinkin' your soup as if you were a Yorkshire instead of bein' one of the chosen representatives of the people,' he says.

"'Who told you first about all this, Jo For Short?' I says.

"'Why, Captain,' he says, 'the first I heared of these droll things was from Tontine Donald, the insurance agent. He was around here lookin' up risks, and he hired me to drive him into Sydney; and it was on the way in that he told me all about you and the lessons in dancin' and general deportment,' he says.

"'I see,' I says; then, after a while, I says to Jo:

"'What's that young brat hangin' around Big Frog Pond for?' I says.

"'Oh, that's easy answered,' says Jo. 'Why, he's struck on Mamie herself, but he's so mighty afraid of you, Captain, that he hasn't the courage to go near the house,' he says. Wal—that meant another drink for Jo For Short who was quite pleased to be able to help somebody into a difficulty.

"I was now gettin' down to facts, so I hurried home to think matters over, with the result that I decided to send Detective Presland to Sydney to interview Tontine Donald. I accordingly met the sleuth-hound at St. Lawrence Station, the followin' evening, and sent him on to Sydney.

"It was a very easy matter for him to pump the talkative insurance agent who readily acknowledged that it was Mamie herself that told him all about me. But wasn't I mad? I felt like ketchin' Mamie by the back of the neck and throwin' her half way across Big Frog Pond. I didn't say nothing, howuver, for I didn't want to give my enemies the least satisfaction.

"When Presland got in to Big Frog Pond, the next day, he had the whole story. Mamie fell in love with Tontine Donald, and coughed up the whole transaction. Tontine Donald

told Jo For Short, the natural-born judge with a divine call to the Bench, on the way in to Sydney, and Jo For Short did the rest.

"'You see, Captain,' says Presland, 'your theory about the girl with the secretive mouth is all right up to a certain point, and that is when she falls in love. Then, if her lover has a sympathetic ear, she usually tells him more than she should, for she looks upon him as the beau ideal of uverything that is noble and good. She even thinks his faults have a silver linin'—and she nuver suspects that Judas Iscariot proclivity which some men possess of makin' light of matters of that kind,' he says.

"'It reminds me,' he says, 'of one of my first experiences as a detective. There was a leak in one of the offices of a big lumber concern out West—a rival concern was gettin' inside information—and I was detailed to discover the leak. The first thing I advised was that I should be hired on as a timber surveyor, and as such was introduced to uvery member of the staff. I soon discovered that the stenographer in the superintendent's office was in love with a detective employed by the rival concern, and I began to suspect that he was gettin' information that she had no right to give,' he says.

"'I accordingly had them shadowed,' he says, 'with the result that she was actually heared coughin' up things that went on in the office. She was a good little girl,' he says; 'she was as clever a girl as you'd meet in a day's travel and did her work well,' he says, 'but she was as guileless as a ray of sunshine, and that demon took advantage of her love for him and got her to cough up things that nuver should have been told,' he says. 'She had as secretive a mouth as uver I see'd, but it soon pumped the firm's business into the treacherous but sympathetic ear of the scoundrel that made love to her for the purpose of findin' out what was goin' on. It's women,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'it's those cussed women whatuver!'

"Wal—Bones, if uver a poor duvil was in a predicament, it was me. Here I was livin' in the same house with a member of the cussed sex who was the cause of makin' me an object of derision to the whole neighbourhood, and I had to look unusually pleasant to keep her and her wily mother from suspectin' that I found out anything. I didn't know what under heaven to do, so I decided to wait until morning before makin' a move; and when morning came after a sleepless

night, I met the pair at breakfast and made them believe I was unusually happy.

"'How would you's like a trip to Halifax?' I says.

"'Why, we should be delighted to go,' they both says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I have been thinkin' of closin' the house for some time, so if you's'd care to take a run up to Halifax to visit your old friend the Widow Captain John, I'll pay your way up and back. Besides, you have both been so kind to me that I want you's to do me the favour of allowin' both of you's a bonus of six months' salary in addition to what is due you's now,' I says, right out from the shoulder, although those poor misfortunates thought it was right out from the softest part of my heart.

"Of course, they cried more or less gratitude at me, cetera, but I didn't mind that very much in view of the fact that I was about to get rid of them. It cost me quite a lot of money to get rid of them, too, I want to tell you, for, as it was, they were both gettin' more salary than they were worth. But I nuver spent money to better advantage.

"They left me bubblin' all over with gratitude and admiration, which was better than

havin' them sore on account of havin' them fired for treachery.

"After I got them safely out of the way, I changed my mind about closin' the house, and sent for Little Peggie, my old housekeeper. Poor Peggie isn't much of an aristocrat, Bones, old chap, but she can make good porridge and oat-meal cake. Besides, she is thoroughly loyal to her quare cousin, which is better than fancy manners any day."

"That's right, Captain!"

"After all," the sea-dog continued, "there are no friends like the old friends. Their raiment may be a little out of date, and their ideas of etiquette may be a little raw, but there is a warmth in their hearts, a light in their eyes, and a something in the grasp of their hand, which makes a fellow feel that they are gold all the way through. You are in that class yourself, Bill Bones," the smuggler added, smiling affectionately at the reporter. "Like myself, I notice you don't pay much attention to the gee-gaws of our up-to-date existence, but your friendship, I should judge, would be eighteen-carat all the way through.

"No more lessons in Social Finish, therefore, for your old friend. He's too rugged by nature for any of that kind of whitewash to

stick, for no matter how thick it is put on, it soon dries up and peels off in chunks; and although the excitement over my lessons in deportment and my supposed lessons in dancin' was soon displaced by a new sensasation, I nuver quite got over the feelin' of disgust I conceived for the aristocrats who caused me to be held up before the public scorn."

"You certainly used them well after Mamie's treachery, Captain."

"Wal," drawled the old salt, "I partly deserved what I got, for when a man with honest Scotch blood tricklin' through his veins falls so low as to take lessons in etiquette, he deserves to have a yarn about those lessons grow like a snowball rollin' down the side of a mountain. But I didn't deserve such treachery from the penurious and aristocratic outfit I put on their second feet. I deserved better of them. But it's those women, Bones, old pal; those cussed women!"

CHAPTER IX.

A TRAGEDY AVERTED.

Captain Roderick rested well that night, and next morning he was in exceptionally good cheer.

"How are you feeling this morning, Captain?" was *The Thunderer's* first question, on entering the sea-dog's room.

"Nuver felt better in my life," the smuggler answered. "You can tell Peggie to send up some porridge, toast, and a cup of coffee, or you can bring them up yourself."

"All right, Captain."

Mr. Bones forthwith left the sea-dog's bedroom, but soon returned with a tray containing Captain Roderick's breakfast.

"This tray reminds me of the best meal I uver had on a dinin'-car," said the philosopher. "It was the last day of the memorable year in which I was elected to a back pew in the provincial legislature, and I was on my way to Halifax. I left Big Frog Pond that morning, and drove in to St. Lawrence Sta-

tion; and as I had an early breakfast, I want to say right here that comin' on twelve o'clock I was hungry enough to eat raw potatoes.

"All of a sudden a fellow with a white coat and a white apron came scuffin' through the first-class car announcin' the fact that dinner was ready in the dinin'-car. Wal—I jumped out of my seat and shot out into the eatin'-car, and along came one of the most dejected-lookin' of mortals in the shape of a waiter who wearily pulled out a chair from one of the short tables, biddin' me be seated. I wondered if there was any way of puttin' steam into that fellow's movements, and of cheerin' him up, so I laid a quarter on the table beside me as an indication that if I got any decent kind of attention, the quarter would be left there.

"The effect was instantaneous—the fellow brightened up a bit when he saw the quarter, grabbed up the bill of fare, and handed it to me. Now, in order that there should be no mistake about that quarter, Bones, I placed seventy-five cents—the price of the dinner—a little farther away, and ordered some soup which came mighty quick, I tell you.

"Seein' that the waiter was doin' so well,

I put a fifty-cent piece on the table in place of the quarter, and then ordered some more soup, for I was purty darn thirsty, and one hundred and forty-four drops of soup are hardly enough for a thirsty man. When he spied the half-dollar, he got more steam into his movements, let me tell you, and he came along with sufficient soup to drown a full-grown ox. I took all I wanted, left the rest, then ordered some turkey which first came by sample and then by the carcass.

"I nuver see'd such a heap of turkey placed before any one man in my life, so I changed the half-dollar into an American dollar, which made that waiter my abject slave. He hustled back and forth, ignorin' both fellow waiters and hungry guests. I see'd at a glance that he was on the make, so I put a two-dollar bill on the table in place of the American dollar, to see what effect it would have, and I could tell by his actions that he was gettin' purty darn near the safety test, although I didn't say nothing. I attended strictly to the business of appeasin' my appetite, keepin' my eye on the waiter, howuver, all the time.

"Wal—he cast such affectionate glances at the two-dollar bill that I thought I'd like to see what effect a gold piece would have, so

I put a two-dollar-and-a-half gold coin on the table in place of the two-dollar bill. The effect scared me. The waiter thought he suddenly discovered a gold mine, and I'll bet you a cent that he loved me better than his best girl, for I believe if we weren't in such a public place, he would have got his arm around me.

"He didn't perform that stunt, but he tried another. He attempted the difficult feat of makin' me eat some of the substantials that crowded the bill of fare, but I was stubborn enough to think that soup, turkey, potatoes, apple pie, and a cup of tea, were good enough for any man, so I declined to gorge my stomach with the indigestibles on the grub schedule. But I didn't resent the poor duvil's attempt to be extra nice; I merely asked for my grub check, and when he was after it, I picked up the gold coin and put it back in my pocket. He came back smilin' with the check, but when he see'd that the gold was gone, the light died out of his face.

"'Here's your check, mister,' he says.

"'Thank you,' I says, handin' him seventy-five cents.

"I felt sorry for the misfortunate fellow, he was so mighty down-hearted over the loss

of the gold, but I didn't say nothing about it to him. I merely ordered half a dozen of his best cigars, which cost me a dollar, and handed him a five-dollar bill in payment.

"'Wait a minute until I'll get the change,' he says.

"'Nuver mind the change,' I says. 'You may keep the change for yourself,' I says.

"It wasn't the money altogether, but something touched a tender chord in the poor fellow's heart, for the tears came rollin' down his cheeks. He tried to blubber out his thanks, to which I didn't pay much attention, for the liquid gratitude that poured from his eyes, convinced me that he was grateful, and genuine gratitude, whether it comes in drops from the eyes, or in chokes from the throat, is good enough for me.

"Now, I suppose you think I did a purty darn quare thing, old chap, when I gave that fellow four dollars for bein' extra nice to me, but I did it for a purpose. I saw he was kind of disheartened over something, and I wanted to convince him that there were a whole lot of good fellows in the world who would give him a shove along if he only looked pleasant and got a move on. I didn't do any preachin' to him. It doesn't do any good to preach to a fellow in that frame of

mind, but I wanted that four-dollar incident to preach to him whenuver he felt discouraged, and I'll bet you that poor fellow will see me with a halo in his day-dreams for many a day to come. I met him again——"

"I am afraid your breakfast will get cold, Captain," interrupted the irrepressible.

"I had better get busy, then," said the smuggler, sitting up in bed.

After the sea-dog had finished eating, *The Thunderer* took the tray of dishes back to the kitchen, but returned to the bed-room almost immediately.

"Did anything else happen on that trip to Halifax?" asked Bones, while Captain Roderick was lighting his pipe.

"Wal—no," the sea-dog answered, throwing away the match that had almost burned his fingers. "Nothing unusual happened until we got in to Halifax, and there pandemonium reigned supreme. If you want to get some idea of the bottomless pits, all you have got to do is to poke your nose out of the city end of the Halifax railway station after the arrival of a train.

"'Bluenose Hotel,' says one. 'Princess Hotel,' says another. 'Prince Hotel,' says a third. 'Prince of Wales Hotel,' says a fourth. 'Baggage transferred,' says a fifth.

'Cab, sir,' says a sixth. 'Cab,' says ten or twelve others. Then they would all bu'st forth into song together, makin' such ear-splittin' music that you would think the sensible old city wouldn't permit such uproarious conduct within its sacred precincts. But it does.

"Wal—I don't object to spendin' a quarter or a half-dollar for cab fare from a railway station to a hotel, but I do object to bein' brayed at in that fashion, so I made a bee-line up the stairs to the street above and took a car for the Bluenose Hotel.

"It was the first time I had been in the Bluenose since I was refused a drink there long ago, when I was but an ordinary sea captain, but I was bound to get even with the proprietor, so I strutted into the office and there I met my old enemy. He know'd me at a glance, and he pretended to be mighty glad to see me, but I didn't take kindly to his advances.

"'How do you do, Captain?' he says.

"'What's that?' I says.

"'How do you do?' he says, less effusive than before.

"'What do you want to know for?' I says, goin' up to the register and dashin' down my name.

"'You're very stiff,' he says.

"'You're very forward,' I says, 'and I want to say right here that I resent any such advances,' I says.

"'I'm tired,' I says, 'and I don't want to be bothered or how-do-you-do-ed at, either,' I says.

"'All right,' he says, and I left him where he was.

"A bell-boy took my grip and carried it up to my room, and I gave the kid half a dollar which would prejudice the house in my favour, even against the proprietor himself. I then had a wash, and immediately came down to the dinin'-room for supper. The head waiter met me at the door, and I slipped a dollar into his hand, which had the immediate effect of makin' a rather serious face look mighty pleasant. He gave me what was probably the best seat in the room, then got the purtiest girl in sight to wait on me.

"I didn't feel at all grateful for his choice of waitress, but I didn't say nothing. I merely ate my supper, and left the regulation quarter under my plate. I knew the purty waitress would get it, for while I was at supper I saw her lookin' under the plates of an adjoinin' table for tips, after the departure of the prosperous-lookin' guest who

had been gorgin' himself thereat. She found a ten-cent piece, and she looked pleasant, so I judged that a quarter would make her face break into smiles, although I had no time to await the result of the experiment. I was in a hurry to get back to my room, and who should I find waitin' for me at the door but the dinin'-car waiter."

"I was just goin' to ask you where you met him again," said the newspaper man.

"Wal—he was at the door of my room waitin' for me. I didn't know him at first, but as soon as I saw the light in his eyes, I recognized the effect of the four-dollar tip.

"'Will you be at leisure any time this evening?' he says to me. 'I should like to have a few words with you,' he says.

"'I'm at leisure now,' I says, 'so come right in.'

"I accordingly opened the door of my room, showed him in, and bade him be seated.

"He proved to be a mighty nice fellow. He was of one of the best families in England, and was very highly educated.

"'Do you see that?' he says, holdin' out a small bottle of potassium cyanide, with the usual skull and cross-bones on the label to indicate how deadly the decoction was.

"'I do,' I says, 'and what in the world

are you doin' with that kind of material around you. Have a drink of Scotch?' I says.

"'I don't drink whiskey, thank you,' he says.

"'Wal—have a smoke?' I says, handin' him a cigar.

"'Not this evening, thank you,' he says.

"'And what are you carryin' such deadly stuff as that around with you for?' I says.

"'I'll tell you,' he says, 'because I look upon you as the only friend I have in the whole world. I intended to commit suicide. I bought that stuff in Sydney with the intention of takin' it when I was goin' to bed to-night, and only I had the good luck to wait on you in the dinin'-car to-day, I'd have been cold in death before this,' he says.

"'Let me see that bottle,' I says, and he handed it to me. 'I want to keep this as a souvenir of you,' I says.

"'All right,' he says."

"What was the poor fellow's idea in wantin' to commit suicide?" asked the reporter.

"That was the very question I asked the young Englishman himself," the sea-dog answered.

"And what did he say?"

"He told me his life's story," answered the smuggler, "and a rather pathetic story it was, too. 'My father was the second son of Lord Bismuth,' he says, 'and I was born with that species of tableware know'd as a silver spoon stickin' out of my mouth. My mother died when I was about a year old. I had no sister or brother, and I was brought up by a demon of a step-mother who drank booze, gambled, cetera,' he says.

"'I hated her as I nuver hated anybody else in the world. She was a perfect demon, don't-cher-know,' he says, 'and she made our home a perfect hell for both father and me. When I was seven years of age,' he says, 'I was sent to a private school where I remained until I went to the university, and after takin' a full university course—classics, college yells, cetera—I entered the famous English bankin'-house of Grubbs, Stubbs & Goggles, as a junior clerk, just about the time my father died, leavin' me penniless. I was four years with that house when I met a beautiful young English girl to whom I became engaged. But she jilted me after a year or so, and it broke me all up,' he says.

"'I came to Halifax on one of the ocean liners as a deckhand, and after slushin' around for a couple of months,' he says, 'dur-

in' which I had great difficulty in keepin' soul and body together,' he says, 'I finally got a position as dinin'-car waiter at thirty dollars a month. I was perfectly satisfied, howuver, until last night,' he says, 'when I received an English newspaper in which my old girl's engagement was announced to the one man I hated most of all others in the world,' he says. 'It was then I decided to end my life,' he says. 'There's in this world,' he says——

'There's in this world no sight so sad
As one who, losin' all he had,
Sets out for lands unknown, to spend
His life afar from home and friend.
There when soft eyes their love betray,
He'll hide his face and turn away;
And when the green tree falls to gold,
Ah, tell me, can he be consoled?'

"'I don't see the point,' I says. 'Soft eyes, love, cetera—bah!' I says.

"'What's your name?' I says.

"'George Down,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'if you took your life you would be on your way *down* to the bottomless pits by this time,' I says.

"'I suppose I would,' he says.

"'And would you really take your life because a girl went back on you?' I says.

"'I would,' he says, 'because what's the use of livin' when the girl you loved better than your life turned against you for the man you hated of all others,' he says.

"'Wounded pride,' I says. 'I nuver loved any girl better than my life,' I says, 'and I want to tell you right here,' I says, 'that I wouldn't lose a minute's sleep if all the girls between here and the bottomless pits should go back on me,' I says.

"'Isn't there *one* girl destined for uvery man,' he says, 'and if she goes back on him, how about that?' he says.

"'Wal—what rot!' I says. 'It's easy know'd that you are from the Old Country, or you would nuver have made such a break,' I says. 'There are hundreds of girls who would make a mighty better wife for you than your false English girl,' I says. 'Just try Cape Breton,' I says.

"'The way to choose a good wife,' I says, 'is to have a look around until you see a good woman with eligible daughters, who has the right kind of respect for her husband; then,' I says, 'if you find that she brought up her daughters good and strict, you are purty darn safe in hitchin' up with

any of them that pleases your fancy,' I says.

"'But let me give you a tip in this connection,' I says. 'Look out for the daughter whose mother didn't use her husband right,' I says, 'for as the mother uses her husband, so shall the daughter use her hubby, if that's the technical language of the game,' I says.

"'A man is nuver safe in marryin' the daughter of a woman whose husband is a great hero when he is prosperin' and a colossal lobster when he's up against hard luck. Marry the girl that will believe you king whether you are prosperous enough to afford a regiment of servants, or whether your elbows are after makin' holes in your raimant,' I says.

"'But keep mighty clear of the daughters of a mother whose respect for her husband would look small on the head of a pin,' I says, 'that is,' I says, 'unless you enjoy havin' the feathers picked out of you. Of course,' I says, 'if you hanker after the specifications of a hen without feathers,' I says, 'don't forget to give the daughters of a house a call where the mother has acquired the habit of chewin' gum in the parlour, to the accompaniment of a gramaphone, while the father is

wrestlin' with pans and things in the kitchen,' I says.

"'But the idea of there bein' only one girl in the world for any given fellow, is pure nonsense. Why, if you will only come to Cape Breton, I'll introduce you to half a dozen girls, each of whom will turn your head faster than if it was propelled by an electric motor. Cheer up, my boy,' I says, clappin' him on the back. 'You'll forget all about your English lassie when you'll meet some of the nice girls I know,' I says, 'and then you'll be mighty glad that you're free from English shackles and far across the sea.'

"'You're a mine of optimism,' he says.

"'I'm only natural,' I says. 'That's all,' I says. 'But by the way,' I says, 'how would you like to change your job?' I says. 'I got a few hundred shares of Federal Bank stock which gives me a little pull with the Federal Bank outfit, so if you are anxious to try your hand at bankin' in this country and can show a clear record, I guess I can land you something that would be more in your line,' I says.

"'Thank you, Captain,' he says, with tears coursin' down his cheeks. 'You're blunt,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, interruptin' him, 'as blunt as the back of an axe,' I says.

"'But you're gold,' he says, 'all the way through.'

"I rather liked the boy's gratitude, so I decided to give him one more pointer before dismissin' him for the night."

"What was that?" asked the reporter.

"I told him to change his name from Down to Dawn. That's all, old chap, for how could you blame a fellow with such a name for gravitatin' *down*—even unto the bottomless pits."

"Did you succeed in getting the fellow a job with the Federal Bank outfit, Captain?"

"Perhaps I did, and perhaps I didn't," said the sea-dog. "One thing is certain, howuver; George Down Dawn-ed in the Federal Bank before the end of a week."

CHAPTER X.

THAT INFAMOUS DOOR

After a hearty dinner, Captain Roderick sat up, all the pain having gone out of his ankle. A couple of old cronies—one from Little Frog Pond, the other from Juniperville—called to see him later on in the afternoon, bringing with them a bottle of Scotch whiskey of which all four partook.

Always very moderate in the use of liquor, the sea-dog was particularly so this afternoon. The visitors had indulged quite freely, however, and joined Bones in insisting on the smuggler's telling them a good story—something their genial host was not at all loath to do.

"Did you uver hear about the closin' of the door?" he asked them.

"No," they answered.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "it was New Year's Eve—the last day of that memorable year in which I was honoured with a back pew in the legislature of my own native prov-

ince; and, as I was tellin' Mr. Bones only this morning, I was in Halifax. The old year was dyin'; fact, it was actually on its death-bed, and a noisy death-bed it was havin'.

"The boys who were addicted to the use of that old and well-know'd curse commonly called intoxicatin' liquor, had congregated in the booze-quarters of the Bluenose Hotel, where they were drinkin' to the demise of the old year and to the health of the new year that would soon be ushered into this world of happiness and misery. I didn't patronize the booze end of the establishment that evening, for I had something in my pocket belongin' to someone——"

"*Gold Cure,*" interrupted Little Frog Pond.

"No," Captain Roderick replied good-naturedly, "but it was a little bottle of something given me under such circumstances as to make me feel that the booze end of the hotel was an end to be avoided that evening. That's all you's are goin' to hear about it, too, so no more questions, please."

"Go on with your story, Captain," said Juniperville. "Nuver mind us."

"Wal—as I was sayin'," the smuggler continued, "I kept clear of the bar all that evening. I was feelin' a little tired, too, so I went to bed about ten o'clock. I wasn't long fall-

in' asleep, and talk about dreams, I had the dream of a lifetime.

"I dreamt I took a walk down towards the south end of the city, only to see one of the saddest sights that uver met the human eye. The night was fine. There was no snow on the ground, and a soft south wind was soughin' through the leafless trees. Uverything was funereal-lookin' about the south end of the city, and it was easy enough to tell that something turrible was goin' to happen.

"Of course, when the poor old year that had seen me ushered into the spot-light of political notoriety, was curlin' up its toes preparatory to kickin' the proverbial bucket, it was enough to make me feel depressed, but it was nothing, my dear fellows, absolutely nothing, to the heart-rendin' scene that met my gaze that very night."

"Come to the point quick, Captain," said Little Frog Pond. "We are just dyin' with curiosity."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," the sea-dog went on, "for, as I was sayin,' the scene that met my gaze was heart-rendin' in the extreme. As I strolled along the sidewalk around Government House, a woman more than attracted my attention. She was standin' on the sidewalk and she was cryin'

as if her venerable heart was after breakin' into half a dozen pieces. Of course, some women will cry whatuver. But there was something so touchin' in this woman's lamentations that I had to cough onct or twice to keep a mighty big lump from actually comin' up into my throat and chokin' me.

"'Oh—ho—ho—ho!' she wailed. 'Oh—ho—ho—ho!' she repeated. 'What will become of us?' she says. 'Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo! Boo—hoo—hoo—hoo!'

"I tell you it was touchin'; fact, it was enough to melt the very sparables in a fellow's number-ten brogans.

"'What's the matter, missus?' I says, with liquid sorrow streamin' down my old and well-know'd face.

"'Matter?' she says. 'Boo—hoo—hoo! Boo—hoo—hoo!'

"Oh, such anguish of spirit and such heart agony, I nuver want to see duplicated again!

"Wal—after Mrs. Dominic Boggs had wailed herself out of breath, her daughter Marion took up the strain.

"'O mamma, mamma!' she cried aloud. 'Isn't this just heart-rendin'?' she says. 'And to think that I did not yet make my deboo—hoo—hoo—hoo!'

"'That's not the most tragic part of the

deplorable affair, Marion,' says Mrs. Anson-Spars, comin' on the scene. 'Your deboo is not the only social sensation of the future. Why,' she says, 'I have a daughter myself who didn't make her deboo yet, and her deboo—'m boo—hoo—hoo—hoo—is just as important as yours, for you must remember that the Anson-Spars family is away up—one of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the city, their family tree bein' traceable back to the early days,' she says.

"Wal—this got Mrs. Boggs's back up, and she says:

"'Yes,' she says, 'your family bush goes back to the Anson-Spars who made the fortune——'

"'In the fish business,' interrupted Mrs. Anson-Spars.

"'Yes,' added Mrs. Boggs, by way of explanation, her eyes snappin' fire, 'sellin' fish,' she says, ketchin' her nose with her fingers in the most insultin' way.

"It looked as if there would be a hair-pullin' tug o' war inside of ten seconds, but Mrs. Anson-Spars throwed back her head and made a thrust at Mrs. Boggs that drawed blood.

"'You are one of all others who shouldn't talk about family skeletons,' she says, 'for

the Boggses made their money dishin' out liquid damnation to their weak fellow man in the shape of bad booze,' she says.

"'Fish!' says Mrs. Boggs, again puttin' her hand to her nose.

"'Liquid damnation!' says Mrs. Anson-Spars, and the row went on.

"Mrs. John H. Puggy-Short took sides with Mrs. Boggs, and said it was a darn shame for Mrs. Anson-Spars to be cursin' in public, whereupon Mrs. Anson-Spars promptly told Mrs. Puggy-Short that she was nothing but a backwoods aristocrat, as both she and her husband were from the country.

"Wal—that took Mrs. John H. Puggy-Short's breath, and the poor woman, bein' in doubt as to the validity of her claims to bein' an orthodox aristocrat, directed her energies along the producin' line, for none of the others present shed such copious tears. She was simply inconsolable. The flood-gates of her grief were throwed wide open, and her lamentations were only equalled by the gills of liquid that were distilled by the weepin' apparatus of her charmin' eyes.

"Mrs. Bartholomew Tuft-Hunter wasn't so easily squelched as Mrs. Puggy-Short, howuver, when that estimable lady took up the cudgels for Mrs. Boggs, for she opened fire on

Mrs. Anson-Spars by tellin' her that she was a disgrace to Halifax society.

"'Get out, you bogus aristocrat, with your woodpecker proclivity for climbin',' says Mrs. Anson-Spars. 'Your great-grandfather was a common labourer,' she says.

"'Granted,' says Mrs. Tuft-Hunter. 'He nuver sold fish,' she says, ketchin' her nose.

"'Chimney sweep!' says Mrs. Anson-Spars.

"'Fish—salt herring, codfish, smelts, eels, sharks, and pin-fish, particularly pin-fish!' retorted Mrs. Tuft-Hunter, who then addressed the snow-white poodle she carried in her arms, on the tragedy of the hour. 'Poor baby,' she says, caressin' the dog, 'do you see what Halifax is comin' to?' And the poodle began to cry. 'Bow—ow—ow!' it wailed, joinin' in the general lamentations. 'Bow—ow—ow!'

"Wal—one thing must be said in Mrs. Tuft-Hunter's favour. She was a practical woman, for she made her beloved poodle do all the cryin', and whenuver that misfortunate animal showed any signs of lettin' up, she would squeeze it good and hard with the result that it did honour to the Tuft-Hunter brand of aristocracy, bogus, shoddy, and mushroom, though it was."

"But what was all the howl about?" asked the Little Frog Ponder.

"I am just comin' to that," said the sea-dog. "At first, I didn't quite ketch on to the cause of the trouble, but when I see'd two sturdy stone masons at work closin' up the Private Entrée—that old and well-know'd snob-door openin' into Government House—the whole thing bu'sted in upon me. First, they placed one stone, then another, into that infamous entrance, securin' each stone with the best of cement, until it became apparent to the passin' aristocrats that the infamous door was doomed. Then came the groanin' and howlin' of snobbery and the whinin' and barkin' of poodlery.

"There were many touchin' sights, but one of the most touchin' was that presented by Game-leg Ollie. The poor fellow had just arrived on the scene with a gang of game-legged associates, who, like himself, have been walkin' lame since that game-leg duke visited Halifax about thirty years ago.

"'Stop, stop, stop!' cried the Game-leg Leader. 'This blawsted outwage cannot be perpetwated against the leaders of 'Alifax society, don't-cher-know. Just think of bein' compelled to entah the gubernatorial palace by the same door by which doctors, lawyers,

shop-keepers, twadesmen, meah twadesmen, and the sons and dawtahs of twadesmen, are supposed to entah! Oh, my sakes, how quickly this land is goin' to the bloody dogs, don't-cher-know!' he says.

"'Bow—ow—ow!' assented one of the poodles.

"'It's enough to make my poor old father turn in his coffin,' says Chollie Dawling. 'Yes,' he says, 'the late lamented Hon. Jonothan Dawling, who hobnobbed about this city with the admirals and the captains of the glorious British navy, and the generals and the colonels of the equally glorious British army, will actually turn in his coffin,' he says. 'Why,' he says, 'the withdrawal of the generals and the colonels, and of the admirals and the captains, of the British army and navy, was a death-blow to British institutions in North America. Let us weep together,' he says, and the howl of grief, of bitter lamentation, that distracted the thoughts of the dyin' year, was such as I nuver want to hear again. It was turrible. But the masons went about their glorious work, payin' little or no attention to the mournful jollifications of the disappointed.

"Just then two militia officers came along in full-dress uniform. They had heard of the

tragedy that was bein' enacted, and had decided to join the official mourners of the passin' door.

"'Oh—ho—ho!' sobbed brave Lieutenant Puggaree, who had been gazetted just a few days before.

"Ah, talk not of grief till you have see'd the grief of warlike men, to quote the old and well-know'd slang of the school-book. Wal—the Puggaree brand was nothing short of duvilish, for the misfortunate fellow's newly developed social instincts received a shock that was turrible to see.

"'Boo—hoo! Boo—hoo! Boo—hoo!' he wailed in short, convulsive sobs, as what was left of the infamous Private Entrée got smaller and smaller. 'Boo—hoo! Boo—hoo! Boo—hoo! Oh, you hard-hearted villain!' he says, addressin' his fellow officer. 'To think that you would be so disloyal as not to shed a tear, makes me sick to my stomach,' he says.

"'Wal,' says his chum, who was formerly from the country and who had only received a few lessons in don't-cher-know English, 'I weally don't know what would be most appwopwiate for the doleful occasion,' he says.

"'Weep,' says brave Lieutenant Puggaree.

"'Wal—give me the pitch,' says Captain

Putty, who joined the militia for the purpose of hobnobbin' with the aristocrats.

"'Boo—hoo!' says Puggaree.

"'Bow—ow!' says one of the poodles.

"'Boo—bow!' says brave Captain Putty.

"'You're off pitch,' says Lieutenant Puggaree.

"'One note was flat,' says Chollie Dawling, 'for instead of imitatin' the smokeless purity of Lieutenant Pugaree's grief, you got some poodle into your lamentations,' he says.

"By this time hundreds of weepin' aristocrats had congregated to witness the passin' of the door, which had died to within one foot of the top.

"'Won't you leave one foot at the top—just enough space for us to crawl through?' shrieked one of the number—a woman, of course. But the relentless masons would not stop. They had evidently received instructions from someone high in authority, and they were bound to carry out their instructions to the letter.

"'Have a little mercy!' howled another woman. 'Just nine or ten inches of mercy,' she says, 'to enable us to climb into gubernatorial headquarters,' she says. But it was too late for mercy. The door had to go. The

last stone was cemented into place, and the infamous Private Entrée into Government House—that disgrace to our manhood and to our civilization—passed into the vast category of the things that were.

"Wal—when that famous door passed in its checks; in other words, when it kicked the old and well-know'd bucket, those masons attached a bell to the masonry, and began to toll it. Ah, it was then that the grief became intense, for the cords of affection hitchin' the snobs to the door had been snapped, and the bleedin' ends pained in a manner that was turrible to behold! Lamentations were more or less smothered, but it was the deluge of tears which filled the gutters and overflowed the streets that took my eye.

"'Look a' here, Mr. Chollie Dawling,' I says. 'What's all the fuss about?' I says.

"'Don't you see that door?' he says.

"'No,' I says, 'but I see the place where the door was,' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'that's the beginnin' of the end of British rule in North America,' he says.

"'Is that so?' I says. 'Do you hear that bell?' I says.

"'Sure,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'that's the death-knell of

snobbery in this old and well-know'd city,' and I woke up, which was a good thing for Mr. Chollie Dawling.

"It was then twelve o'clock. A hundred shrill whistles from the shipping in port, bade farewell to the old year; a British warship, that was comin' up the harbour, fired a salute to the new year that was just makin' its deboo; then, while the warship was slowly steamin' up to the dockyard, her lusty-throated blue-jackets might be heared desecratin' the night with something about Britannia. 'Rule, Britannia,' they were singin'——

'Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons nuver shall be slaves:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves,
Britons nuver shall be slaves!'"

"Your dream is mighty interesting, Captain," said Bones, of *The Thunderer,* "but surely, as a matter of fact, there was no such thing as that Private Entrée into Government House."

"Wasn't there, old chap? Why, the closin' of that door was all the talk of Halifax at the time, and a fellow either had to talk about it or dream about it. I chose to dream about it, because there's great satisfaction in

dreamin' about matters of history, particularly when the dream comes out the way you want it. But always remember, my dear Bones, that the snob-door was slammed shut by a noble hand—and that it was slammed to stay shut foruver!"

"I don't understand why they should make so much fuss over the closin' of a door, if there were other doors to the gubernatorial palace," said Little Frog Pond.

"Wal—it was this way, you see," said the sea-dog. "There was only one snob-door—only one entrance reserved for the black list among the aristocracy—those whose claims to bein' thoroughbred aristocrats were beyond dispute. All others—the great unwashed—the mixed herd—entered the palace by a common door. The Private Entrée was supposed to give an air of distinction to those who were thus admitted, but it was a disgrace to our civilization, it was an insult to our manhood, and it had to go."

"It is a pity you woke up, Captain," said the old duffer from Juniperville.

"The night was young," the sea-dog replied. "I fell asleep again; and, as luck would have it, I dreamt that it was New Year's Day, and that the new Lieutenant-Governor was holdin' his first levee. I didn't

attend the function, although I was one of the aristocrats of the province, but I dreamt I was out takin' stock of what was goin' on.

"Mrs. Boggs attended, and so did Mrs. Anson-Spars, Mrs. Puggy-Short, Mrs. Tuft-Hunter, Mr. Dawling, Mr. Ollie, Miss Marion Boggs, Lieutenant Puggaree, Captain Putty, and a host of others, although they were so loud in their lamentations the night before. All had to enter the palace by the same door—saints and sinners, bogus aristocrats and genuine aristocrats, doctors and lawyers, clergymen and merchants, men and women—all were put on the common footin' of Canadian citizenship for the first time, and the change did them good, at least judgin' from the way they acted on their way home.

"Game-leg Ollie forgot to walk lame for the first time in thirty years, and apparently lost his contempt for the sons and daughters of mere tradesmen, for he seemed to be at peace with the whole world. Mrs. Boggs and Mrs. Anson-Spars returned home arm in arm, each vyin' with the other in an effort to be gracious; they had forgotten all about the fish, cetera, and the liquid damnation, of the night before. Mrs. Tuft-Hunter appeared out for the first time in seven years without that abominable poodle, and her face was

lit up with smiles and smiles and smiles. Chollie Dawling's confidence in British institutions in North America had been completely restored, Lieutenant Puggaree's grief had been changed into boundless joy, and Captain Putty had found the right pitch, for his laughter was hearty and uproarious.

"The good Scotch welcome they all got at the gubernatorial palace knocked the snobbery out of them, and they came away feelin' better, broader, and happier in uvery way. But it took courage to close that door in the teeth of rampant snobbery; fact, it required more courage to choke off that Private Entrée that it does to win a Victoria Cross."

"You're right there, Captain," said Bones.

"Of course, I am," said the sea-dog.

"But what was wrong with the people when they wanted a private entrance into gubernatorial headquarters?" asked Little Frog Pond. "Was it because they were genuine aristocrats, or was it pure cussedness? What's your idea of an aristocrat, Captain?"

"I don't know what was wrong with the people when they wanted a private entrance into gubernatorial headquarters," said the smuggler, taking the Little Frog Ponder's questions one by one. "It may have been the

genuineness of their claims, or it may not, but I am inclined to think it was pure cussedness. As to my idea of an aristocrat, my dear fellows, it's not the common idea, for some people would say that an aristocrat was a person with a highly developed proclivity for enterin' a building by an entrance that was denied uverybody else. For instance, if you invited him into your barn, instead of enterin' by the ordinary door, he would want to crawl in by the hens' ten-by-twelve-inch door—the Private Entrée Extraordinary to your horse-stable.

"It's expensive at times to pose as an aristocrat. I don't know whether I told you about Johnnie Robin or not, but his old man lost all his money in stocks, and Johnnie simply had to quit loafin' and get to work. It wasn't hard for the lad to get work, for there was a climber in business who was only too glad to give Johnnie a job, thinkin' he got a corner on the joker of the social pack, but while Johnnie was quite pleasant with his plebean employer durin' business hours, he nuver could quite get down to the level of speakin' to him on the street. For the first offence, he received black looks from his employer; for the second offence, he got the door. A bloated idea of a fellow's own im-

portance is a rather expensive luxury to carry about, particularly if his old man is high and dry on the rocks. But that isn't my idea of an aristocrat.

"Now, there was Left-handed Billie, from Little Frog Pond. He was as ugly as any denizen of the bottomless pits, but he came as near bein' an aristocrat as any man uver I see'd. His ambition in life seems to have been nuver to offend anybody, for his heart was as big as a wash-tub, and it was spillin' over with the warm milk of human kindness. If any one was poor and in need of help, all he had to do was to call on Left-handed Billie, who would have died a rich man only he had such a highly developed proclivity for givin' things away. He wore his clothes until they were in green tatters so that he could give away the money he had saved to buy new raiment, and so far did his left-handed generosity carry him, that when he was dyin' of consumption, he gave his last dollar to buy a pair of crutches for a poor lame boy instead of buyin' some medicine he needed for himself.

"With all his good qualities, howuver, this clean-hearted old sinner could use the most picturesque profanity of any man uver I met in my life. But that is make no difference.

Left-handed Billie was one of nature's noblemen, and he would scorn such things as Private Entrées, whether ordinary or extraordinary.

"We must have shed a bucketful of honest tears over the poor old fellow's grave, and I'll bet you when he entered the promised land he found ten thousand angels tryin' a race to get the first shake of his generous hand. I am not very pious myself, my dear fellows, as you well know, but I'd rather have poor old Left-handed Billie's proclivity for givin' things away, to help me when I get across, than any proclivity for enterin' houses by a special door, for one thing is sure, my dear friends, there is no such thing as a Private Entrée to the old and well-know'd Mansions of the Blest."

CHAPTER XI.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THIRST.

About dark that evening, and after the guests had gone, Jo For Short came to the house and asked for Captain Roderick. A lengthy interview followed.

"Jo For Short seems chuck full of business, Captain," said Bones, "at least judging from the important look on his face and the roll of papers he carried with him."

"Yes," said the sea-dog, "the Juniperville nuisance was rampant on the booze question. The roll of papers Jo For Short carried with him was a petition to the Governor-General of Canada in Council, prayin' for the repeal of the Order in Council bringin' the *Scott Act* into force, the *Scott Act* bein' a local option prohibition law, my dear Bones.

"'What have you there?' I says to Jo.

"'Dynamite,' he says; 'nitro-glycerine for prohibition,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'what are you comin' here for?'

"'I want your signature,' says the natural-born judge with the divine call to the Bench. 'We've got to get one-fourth of the electors before we can get a poll,' he says, and by gettin' a poll he meant gettin' a vote for and against the snuffin' out of the *Scott Act.*

"'So you are in favor of high license?' I says.

"'No, I am not,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'as soon as the *Scott Act* is repealed, the *Liquor License Act* will instantly come into force,' I says.

"'Yes,' he says, 'but we are goin' to use the prohibition clauses of the *Liquor License Act,* we are goin' to fight against givin' licenses—that's the stuff,' he says.

"'If the game is high license,' I says, 'then you have me, but if the game is merely to substitute a worse form of prohibition for a bad one,' I says, 'then, you may go to—dash—with your petition so far as I am concerned,' I says.

"'I am certainly surprised to hear an old smuggler talk like that,' he says.

"Wal—that riled me up.

"'You miserable scoundrel,' I says, 'don't you be surprised at anything,' I says. 'The *Scott Act* provides for a term of imprisonment without the option of a fine; the *Liquor*

License Act doesn't. Both have provisions for the destruction of liquor,' I says. 'The *Scott Act* is more effective if enforced,' I says, 'so if it's goin' to be the prohibition farce—and any law is a farce unless it is enforced—let us keep the present farce; otherwise,' I says, 'let's have high license.'

"'You are certainly a quare politician,' he says.

"'Quare or not,' I says, 'I am honest, and I am not goin' to lend my name to any of your schemes, Jo For Short,' I says.

"'I'll not forget this when your next election comes off,' he says. 'You got my vote for the first and last time.'

"'You can vote as you darn please, I says. 'Your ballot only counts one,' I says, 'and one vote displaced in my majority amounts to mighty little.'

"'You are mighty independent,' he says.

"'Have a drink, Jo For Short?' I says, gettin' conciliatory, for I know'd what Jo wanted.

"Wal—you should have see'd the light breakin' out all over the prohibition ambassador's face.

"'Don't mind if I do,' he says, as I handed him the bottle.

"It was no use handin' him a glass, for a

glassful of booze wouldn't be sufficient to moisten the dry spot in Jo For Short's throat. The bottle held a quart of booze, over a pint of which went to wet Jo's throat, and the scamp left his prohibition papers on my table to give him an excuse to call to-morrow for the rest of that bottle. But I took mighty good care that he didn't get the chance.

"It makes me sick when I hear people talkin' of legislatin' a man into bein' sober. You might as well try to legislate a man into bein' pious. Take Jo For Short for instance. Do you think a whole dozen prohibition laws would be sufficient to keep the dry spot in his throat even moist? No, sir. You might as well try to wet the sand of the great desert of Sahara with a thimble.

"Jo For Short acquired the booze habit in the ordinary way. His father had a dry throat ahead of him, and ten to one his grandfather was similarly afflicted, so you see poor Jo For Short's dry-throat predisposition was quite natural. Besides, when Jo was a mere kid in short dresses, he developed a very keen sense of smell by comparin' the odour emitted by an uncorked whiskey bottle with his father's breath, which had to pass over the dry whiskey-moistened spot on its

way from the paternal lungs to the outer world. Why, before little Jo could string a dozen words together, he would sit down on the floor with an empty whiskey bottle, and after pokin' his nose down to the snout of the bottle, would look wise and say, 'Pa'. That wasn't a bad beginnin', old chap, although Jo nuver developed into a good judge of whiskey.

"But the misfortunate fellow is more to be pitied than to be blamed. He took whoopin' cough early in life, growin' into what you might call a sickly child; and his mother, good-hearted woman that she was, got an idea into her head that a little whiskey would be good for Jo, so she began to give the misfortunate kid a little whiskey in milk, a couple of times a day, until he got as bloated as a brewery millionaire. Not only that, but all the moisture dried out of the spot in Jo For Short's throat, and the poor fellow has spent more time worryin' over that spot and tryin' to keep it wet than he did tryin' to make a decent livin'.

"Now, no matter how good Jo's intentions may be, and no matter how hard he works for prohibition, that dry spot is always with him, ready to soak up any available moisture in the shape of alcoholic stimulant that may

come his way. What Jo For Short's mother should have done was to give him plenty birch-rod tonic in mild doses, before and after meals, and between meals whenuver necessary, instead of her miserable whiskey-and-milk decoction. Then the fellow's dry-throat proclivities would have remained undeveloped, and he would have acquired the art of hustlin', for he would have had to more than hustle if he was desirous of dodgin lickin's.

"I had rather a funny experience with Jo which I mustn't forget to tell you, Bones, old man. One cold night, about two years ago, just as I was goin' to bed, a rap came to the door.

"'Who's there?' I says.

"'Jo For Short,' was the answer.

"It was Jo, too, sure enough. The poor fellow had been boozin' in Sydney that afternoon, and by the time he got home, the stimulatin' effect of the cursed stuff began to die out, and he was in a duvil of a predicament. It was that spot in his throat, of course, and he made a bee-line for me. The first glimpse I got of him, I know'd well enough what he was after, and I talked about uverything else under the sun except booze until the poor, misfortunate fellow's

blood must have stopped circulatin' in his throat. Wal—I began to feel sorry for him at last, so I produced a small pint flask of the best Scotch whiskey made, and handed it out to the thirsty pilgrim who almost cried with joy.

"'Is this all for me?' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'all except one drink for the morning,' I says, and his eyes filled with tears and a quare light seemed to break out all over his face.

"Needless to say, he lost no time in puttin' down all the whiskey in the flask with the exception of one drink, which he thought I wanted for myself. But I am very indifferent about booze at times, and this was one of them, so I put the flask away for the morning.

"Meanwhile, Jo was smackin' his lips.

"'You are purty darn fond of the taste of the cursed stuff, Jo,' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'it's not the taste of it, Captain; it's the glory. It's the glory, Captain; it's the glory,' he says, 'it's the glory.'

"'What do you mean by the glory?' I says, although I know'd what it meant just as well as he did.

"'Wal,' he says, 'before I got that booze,

I felt as if I had a ton weight on my heart and as if uvery friend I had to the world was after goin' back on me; fact, I felt as if uvery nerve in my body had its mouth wide open callin' for a drink. But as soon as I got that booze down, the weight rolled away and my burnin' thirst was slaked in the glory that was pumped all over me. It's not the taste of the booze that makes me so fond of the cursed stuff; it's the glory, Captain,' he says; 'it's the glory.'

"There's your prohibition ambassador, mister; there's the type of human being that no parliament in the world could legislate into a sober man, and I want to say right here that there are a whole lot of Jo For Shorts in this world. There are millions and millions of poor duvils like Jo, born with a dry-throat predisposition which would nuver have been developed had the booze been kept away from them when they were kids.

"'Close up the booze-joints,' says the poor, misguided prohibitionist who dreams of a dry world with no Old Nick. But even if you do close up the booze-joints with local option prohibition, what is there to prevent a half a dozen Jo For Shorts clubbin' together and sendin' for a cask of booze into

which they can insert a half a dozen quills and suck liquid damnation up against the dry spots in their throats until they get more like beasts of the field than like human beings?

"I well remember the first time I uver went to Halifax. I was only a lad, and I made the trip afore the mast with Captain Dudley, in the old *Sea Bird*. There was a young lady there from Big Frog Pond, who acted in the capacity of nurse girl to one of the south end aristocrats, and one day I see'd her perambulatin' down towards Point Pleasant with the heir apparent to her employer's property in a baby carriage ahead of her. The kid was bawlin' like a young two-year-old, and I came along to see what the matter was.

"'What's wrong, Mary?' I says.

"'Bad temper, Rory,' she says. 'This kid just raises Old Nick uvery now and then,' she says. 'Troubled with some kind of sickness,' she says. 'But missus gave me a bottle of medicine to take along with me,' she says, 'and whenuver the little duvil begins to howl, I just give him a couple of teaspoonfuls, and he shuts up at onct.'

"She then produced the bottle, and takin' a teaspoon from the carriage, gave the kid

a dose of the medicine. Wal—you should have see'd him. He was only a year old, but he puckered up his little mouth and took two teaspoonfuls of that medicine without a whimper, then turned over against the side of the carriage and went to sleep."

"From the look on the kid's nose—it had already begun to assume some elegant tints—I suspected that the medicine wasn't a prohibition decoction, so I got Mary to let me taste the stuff, which was nothing more nor less than gin—ordinary, undiluted gin.

"Wal—you could have sold Mary for a cent when I told her what she was givin' the kid. She resigned her position that very day, and when I got back to Big Frog Pond, two weeks later, Mary was home ahead of me. She was a good girl, and didn't want to shoulder the moral responsibility of makin' a drunkard of that youngster.

"There you are again, old chap. Now, what's the use talkin' prohibition to that fellow at this stage of the game, when his throat is so dry that if he didn't keep wettin' it continually, it would ketch fire spontaneously. What's the good of the *Scott Act* or the prohibition clauses of the *Liquor License Act* to that drouthy child of gin? Why, a

fellow with his highly developed dry-throat proclivities would almost commit murder for one drink of booze when the spot gets drouthy.

"I suppose his mother now thinks, if she is alive, that she is the most abused woman this side of the brimstone belt; that her first-born is nothing but a heap of ingratitude, cetera, but she could have saved herself a great deal of anguish and heart agony had she given the nurse a shingle instead of a decoction of gin, with instructions that the shingle was to be used in generous doses uvery time the kid squealed.

"That's the kind of medicine I'd prescribe for a kid like that, and I want to say right here that a shingle would be far less expensive than gin, besides bein' far more effective. There is nothing that'll keep a kid from worryin' about liquid refreshment like a good spankin' now and then."

"What do you think of those fellows who drink to drown their sorrow?" asked *The Thunderer's* irrepressible.

"You might as well try to drown a fish," answered the sea-dog, "for if there is one place more than another that sorrow thrives, it is in the flowin' bowl. A man feels the sharp pangs of sorrow. He soaks them in a

decoction of booze, which has the effect of foolin' him into believin' that the sorrow is gone, but as soon as the alcoholic glory dies out of his body, up crops sorrow again, bigger, sassier, and more rampant than before. It's quare, too, but the more you try to drown it, the bigger it becomes.

"The best way to stand trouble is to sit up and look pleasant, and if that won't do, go and find someone who has more trouble than you have and compare notes. Then you'll be mighty thankful that you're not the other fellow. That's the philosophy of it. But there is no such thing as drownin' sorrow. Sorrow is medicine—some of the bitters of life—and it has got to be taken like castor oil, paregoric, cetera. But you can't drown it, my dear fellow. It won't be drowned."

"Well, Captain, what's your idea about temperance?"

"My idea is this. Ketch the kids when they're young, and keep them away from booze. Then they will have no dry spot—no cravin' for the cussed stuff. That's my idea. Teach the youngsters of our glorious country to be shy—shy of the bottle; and impress upon them the necessity of teetotalism if they want to win distinction in the battle of life, for booze is booze, my dear old Bones,

and will remain booze as long as there are any dry throats to moisten.

"Tea and coffee aren't much better. They stimulate and give a false idea of strength. They sometimes cheat a fellow into believin' that he's physically fit, when tired nature demands a rest. That's the danger of too much tea and coffee, which are usually harmless when taken in moderation.

"There was no substitute found yet for the three plenties—plenty of fresh air, plenty of plain grub, and plenty of work. That glorious trio is to blame for more great men than anything else I know of."

"I suppose the question of prohibition comes up quite often in the provincial legislature?" asked Bones, of *The Thunderer*.

"Wal—no," answered the sea-dog. "It came up onct, the first session I was there, and I'll nuver forget the commotion it made as long as there is breath in my body. It was turrible; fact, it made such a vivid impression on me that I dreamt about it that night.

"I thought I was in the glorious assembly of my native province, and that an honourable member moved a resolution advocatin' provincial prohibition, puttin' the case as strong as uver I heared the prohibition theory put in my life. Then there was all kinds

of talkin' for and against the resolution until finally one old fellow thought *he* should open up his flood-gates of wisdom—that he ought to say something. Wal—when he arose, and addressed Mr. Speaker, he made the most uproarious noise uver I heared in my life.

"'Mr. Speaker,' he says, and the old stone building shook to its foundations. Pictures on the wall moved to and fro, ladies screamed and then fainted in the galleries, large slices of slate loosened from the historic roof, dogs howled in the street, and his poor, misfortunate fellow members were terrified beyond description. Policemen hurried in from the street and soldiers rushed down from the citadel, thinkin' that an earthquake was in progress, or that a portion of the earth under the provincial building had given away even unto the bottomless pits, for the noise appeared to come from something bottomless, something turribly vast in its emptiness.

"'Put on the brakes,' one member advised, peepin' up over the top of his desk.

"'Shut off the air,' another suggested, from under the reporters' table.

"'Spare the historic building,' another yelled from outside, through one of the open windows.

"'Spare the city of Halifax,' a pious citizen shrieked, sinkin' on his knees on the street.

"'Mr. Speaker,' again thundered the honourable member, louder, if anything, than before.

"'You should have see'd the panic that ensued, for there was a mad rush for the doors, each trampin' on the other's corns, all fleein' as from an eruption of Vesuvius.

But when the house was completely empty, I walked up and took Mr. Speaker's place.

"'Now, you uproarious fellow,' I says, 'let's hear what you have got to say.'

"'Mr Speaker,' he bellowed, like a huge fog-horn belchin' forth an accumulation of the tempests of the ocean, 'I rise to a point of order,' he says.

"'Is that all?' I says.

"'That's all,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I have a notion to rise you to a point of disorder with the toe of my foot,' I says. 'This old and well-know'd building wasn't constructed along the lines of a pipe for conveyin' air compressed to the tune of one thousand pounds to the cubic inch,' I says, and he collapsed like a telescope."

"Was that all he had to say?" Mr. Bones ventured.

"That was all, my dear friend," answered the smuggler. "Ah, but it was that thirst which was responsible! Had there been no thirst for booze, there would have been no prohibition resolution, and had there been no prohibition resolution, there would have been no point of order."

"Will that glorious day ever come when there will be no booze consumed?" asked the reporter.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "I don't suppose there will be any booze consumed on the last day, if that's any consolation to you. But it will not be because there won't be people anxious to drown their fright in the flowin' bowl.

"Some people drink for joy, others for sorrow, but some people will simply drink whatever, like the drouthy members of the Little Frog Pond Debatin' Society. If someone cracked a good joke, it was a drink; if someone else tried to crack a joke that refused to crack, it was another drink. It was a drink for a good speech, a drink for a bad speech, a drink for a sassy speech, and a drink for no speech; fact, it was nothing but drink, drink, drink, until the Debatin' Society orators were

uproarious. You know about the old and well-know'd phenomenon of thirst, old chap!

"But surely there must be some way of quenching that awful thirst, Captain?"

"There is only one way," declared the sea-dog. "For those that have dug the drouthy hole, let them fill it up, and for those that have nuver done any dry diggin', let them nuver dig. The easiest way to fill a hole is to have none to fill, and the easiest way to quench one's thirst is to have no thirst to quench."

"That may be all right in theory, Captain," *The Thunderer's* irrepressible argued, "but in practice, surely a little drop of good whiskey for two temperate old cronies like yourself and myself doesn't do very much harm."

"Bones, you're a bad egg," the smuggler chuckled. "You had your eye on that bottle of whiskey in the cupboard all the evening. And do you know what, my dear fellow?"

"No; what is it, Captain?"

"A little thirst is a mighty glorious although a very dangerous thing, and a little good Scotch to slake it is an equally glorious although an equally dangerous thing. Of course, teetotalism is the perfection of thirst,

but it's not the glory of it. You get the real glory the morning after, when you'd wish your throat was connected with the city waterworks, or with the luscious wetness of some well."

CHAPTER XII.

MAMIE AND DAWN.

Captain Roderick left Big Frog Pond, the following morning, and cruised the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes with Mr. Bones, who had learned not only to admire the sea-dog greatly but to take a deep personal interest in everything he did. Captain Roderick, on the other hand, became deeply attached to *The Thunderer's* irrepressible, who made a sterling friend. They spent six happy weeks together aboard the *Lady Eileen;* then, they returned to Big Frog Pond, as the reporter's time in Cape Breton was getting short.

Mr. Bones had been busy with pencil and note-book during the first few days he spent with the sea-dog, but he soon fell into the easy-going ways of the people. He did not lose interest in the smuggler's friends, however, and the first morning after their return, he pursued his enquiries about the fate of George Dawn.

"How did George Dawn get along after

you got him that job in the Federal Bank, Captain?" he asked, as he and Captain Roderick were returning from a long walk.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "you are better than a pump, Bones, old pal, for if there is one thing you are good at, it is pumpin' me. But I don't dislike bein' pumped on one subject, and that subject is George Dawn, who turned out to be a mighty clever fellow, I tell you.

"'How did you like the chap I shoved on to you?' I says to Mr. Hawkins, General Manager of the Federal Bank, one day I happened to meet him on the street, a couple of weeks after I got Dawn the job.

"'Like him?' he says. 'Shoved him on to us?' he says. 'Why,' he says, 'I wish you could shove a half a dozen more men on us like George Dawn,' he says, 'for the fellow is a regular encyclopedia of bank lore. He's a wonder—that's the plain English of it,' he says, 'for there is nothing we put him at that he didn't do as well as some of the oldest fellows in the service. He's an exceptionally brainy, gentlemanly chap, and a born banker,' he says.

"'A born banker?' I says.

"'Yes,' he says, 'a born banker.'

"'I'm glad to know it,' I says. 'Good morning,' I says, and I passed on.

"'A born banker,' I kept repeatin' to myself. 'A born banker,' I says. 'Wal,' I says, 'I must see that the misfortunate fellow lives up to the noblest and best traditions of the bankin' business.' I know'd well enough, old man, that George Dawn had lots of brains; I know'd, too, that he was a duvil of a nice fellow; but I was well aware of the fact that he was woefully deficient in one particular, and that was, he had no girl—no steady, to quote the slang of the game. I was therefore bound to help the poor fellow out in that regard, for a bank clerk without a girl, without a steady, is one of the darnest freaks that uver cussed any civilized country; fact, he's a social curiosity, a veritable two-headed calf.

"So, when I found out that George's good-lookin' chum, who was runnin' the Discount Ledger, had sent his photograph to a girl in North Sydney, to a girl in Glace Bay, to a girl in Truro, to a girl in Kentville, to a girl in New Glasgow, to a girl in Yarmouth, to a girl in Arichat, and to no less than two girls in Halifax, one at each end of the city, I began to feel that it was my duty to see that George Dawn had at least one girl, when

almost uvery unmarried member of the staff had sent autograph copies of their old and well-know'd faces to from six to fourteen girls for decoration purposes, for they were all probably more or less good-lookin'.

"But where was I to get a girl for Dawn, nephew of the great Lord Bismuth, with a family tree big enough to shade the whole side of a house, and blood flowin' through his veins that could be traced back to some of those old Danish pirates that crossed over to England about the year King Alfred the Great got the callin' down from the cowherd's wife for lettin' the oatmeal bannocks he had charge of cookin' get too much of the fire? That was my predicament.

"Oh, if the Halifax eligibles only knew that George Dawn had an uncle who was a a genuine pew-holder in the glorious British House of Lords, wouldn't there be excitement among the aristocrats! But I told George Dawn that there was one thing he must keep strictly to himself.

"'What's that, Captain?' he says.

"'Your family tree,' I says.

"'Why?' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'hittin' on an excuse which, although purty darn lame, was better than none, 'you know,' I says, 'my family bush is

so small that it wouldn't be sufficient to keep a couple of grass-hoppers from gettin' wet, so I am kind of sensitive about this family-tree business,' I says. 'For the sake of peace, therefore,' I says, 'I have to request you to refrain from plantin' your mighty English oak in front of your boardin'-house,' I says. 'Wait,' I says, 'until you have a house of your own,' I says.

"'All right, Captain,' he says, 'I'll do anything you say, for you're the best friend I have in the world.'

"I was boardin' at Mrs. Captain John's durin' the session, and my secretary, Dannie Donald the Bad Man, was boardin' out near the college. To keep Dannie from makin' me an excuse for callin' to see Mary Captain John three or four times a week, therefore, I rented an office in the Dufferin Block on Barrington Street, so when I needed Dannie's assistance, which wasn't any oftener than three or four times a week, I got him to call to see me at my office, which was Dawn's principal loafin' quarters, for the fellow loved me like a sick child loves its mother.

"Miss Mamie Widow Billie the Gentleman, B. A., and Mamie's mother, the old hen herself, were visitin' Mrs. Captain John at the time, so when I was stuck for an

eligible Cape Breton girl to introduce Dawn to, Mamie came into my mind.

"Now, I want to say right here that Mamie struck me as a girl that would win Dawn's heart as quick as a chunk of steak would win the heart of a hungry dog, and I was as prejudiced against Mamie as I am against Old Nick himself, with the story about the dancin' lessons fresh in my mind. But even viewed under the hostile eyes of a strong personal dislike, Mamie struck me as the girl of all others that could make Dawn happy, so I came to the conclusion that if she suited Dawn, I'd have no serious objections, as I intended to drop the fellow like the proverbial hot potato as soon as he got hitched up.

"Wal—one evening Dawn came sauntering' into my office after his day's work was done. He was a handsome fellow, to begin with, although he was a little too fair with his flaxen hair and eyebrows and his light blue eyes. But that is make no difference. He was particularly happy this evening, and when you want to get a fly to walk into your parlour, that's the mood to ketch him in.

"'How's uverything, my boy?' I says.

"'Fine, thank you, Captain,' he says, with

a look of gratitude in his deep blue eyes that would make any fellow feel good.

"'I suppose you started in sendin' your photographs to the girls like the rest of the bank fellows?' I says.

"'No,' he says, a cloud of sorrow passin' over his face. 'I have a wound that is not quite healed yet,' he says, 'so I decided not to take in any social functions for some time to come,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'there is a young lady here in the city that I want you to meet,' I says. 'She's a beauty, to begin with,' I says. 'Her hair is dark,' I says, 'her eyes are brown, her cheeks are rosy; she plays all the classic masterpieces on the piano; she sings like a nightingale; she is a university graduate, and she can talk I don't know how many languages. Besides,' I says, 'she has a family tree big enough to shade a whole lawn,' I says, winkin' at Old Nick who must have been around, although I couldn't see him.

"'I should like to meet her, I'm sure,' says Dawn indifferently.

"I know'd well enough he was kind of sore after the way that false-hearted English girl used him, and I rather admired him for it, as I have mighty little use for the cussed

sex myself, on general principles. But I was bound that the fellow I shoved on the Federal Bank wouldn't be behind the other fellows, so I decided that Dawn and Mamie should meet before very long.

"'There's a wealthy doctor from New York that's breakin' his neck after this charmin' young lady,' I says, with another wink at the proprietor of the lower regions, for it could be none other than his satanic majesty who could suggest such an abominable lie to a fellow. Wal—you should have see'd George Dawn settin' up and payin' attention. 'To tell you the truth, my boy,' I says, 'I haven't much use for the doctor, and I want someone to cut him out,' I says.

"'Bah Jove, Captain, I'd like to meet that girl,' says Dawn, who bit like a hungry trout.

"I was late gettin' home that evening, and all the women folks were out except Mamie who stayed in purposely to get me my tea, which had a tendency to break some of the raw edges off my prejudice against her. Wal—she more than put herself out to please me at the tea table, and by the time I was through eatin'—and I was mighty hungry, I tell you—I found that I had about forgiven Mamie for the inglorious stunt of

squealin' about the lessons in deportment, cetera.

"'Can you keep a secret?' I says to her, knowin' well enough that she couldn't.

"'You bet I can,' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I have something to tell you.'

"'What is it?' she says, comin' right back at me, for it was Eve that was croppin' out away down through the centuries.

"'There's a swell fellow in one of the banks here,' I says, 'who is a nephew of Lord Bismuth, one of the leadin' pew-holders in the British house of lords,' I says, 'with a family tree big enough to build a hundred yards of fence out of.'

"'What's his name?' she says. 'What's he look like?' she says. 'Is he old?' she says.

"'Just possess your genial soul in patience for a couple of minutes, Mamie,' I says.

"'Oh, Captain, I'm just dyin' with curiosity,' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'to keep you from goin' up with the angels, Mamie,' I says, 'I'll tell you that he's fair, young, handsome, highly educated; a graduate of one of the leadin' Old Country universities, and a mighty attractive fellow,' I says.

"'Oh, I do wish you would bring him around!' says Mamie, which convinced me that she was just dyin' to meet him."

"Did she keep the secret of Dawn's identity?" asked the reporter.

"She didn't get any such secret out of me up to that time," answered the smuggler. "I took good care about that on account of my other experience with the same girl. But I know'd she told her mother about the lord's nephew, for next morning at breakfast the old girl nearly gave me the earache talkin' to me about their family bush.

"Wal—when I went down town that morning, who should I meet but Dawn. 'When are you goin' to introduce me to that charmin' Cape Breton girl?' was one of the first questions he asked me.

"'The first good chance,' I says. 'You know girls are qaure,' I says, and he sighed as much as to say that some of them were purty darn quare. 'But rest assured,' I says, 'that if I can outwit that New York saw-bones,' I says, 'he will be outwitted. I don't know how it is, Dawn,' I says, 'but I have a sort of paternal interest in that girl, and I want to see her married to some handsome young fellow, yourself preferred,' I says, 'if you are willin' and we can succeed

in side-trackin' that wealthy doctor from New York.'

"'Bah Jove,' he says, 'I'd like to meet that girl,' he says, and I could see at a glance that he was gettin' purty darn interested."

"Was Mamie equally interested?" Bones asked.

"Interested?" repeated the philosopher. "Wal—I should say she was. She nearly bothered the life out of me.

"'When are you goin' to bring the lord's nephew along?' was a question she asked me about twenty times a day. 'I am just dyin' to meet him.'

"'Have patience, Mamie,' I used to say to her. 'Uverything comes to the person who knows how to wait,' I says, 'even to the pleasure of drawin' his last breath,' I says, 'so you must have patience, Mamie,' I says.

"'Don't keep me waitin' too long, Captain, please,' she says to me one evening, about a week later.

"'All right,' I says. 'You go upstairs to your room and put on your best clothes, and if I think you look fit to smash the heart of a lord's nephew, I'll bring him along,' I says.

"Wal—she put on her best clothes, and I want to say right here that when she came

downstairs she looked like a princess. 'How do you think I look, Captain?' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, eyin' her critically, 'I really don't know, Mamie, but I guess you'll do,' I says.

"It was no use for me to tell that daughter of Eve that she looked queenly, for then she'd get actin' like a queen, which would spoil the whole game, for Dawn was only a lord's nephew. You see I was bound that any of Dawn's bank chums wouldn't have the laugh on him any longer, so I left poor Mamie in doubt as to her attractions, tellin' her to be reserved, cetera, and your friend the spider then went into the highways and by-ways to look for the fly.

"I met the lord's nephew on the way to the theatre. 'Hello, Dawn, my boy,' I says. 'Got your ticket?' I says.

"'Not yet,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I have been sizin' up the situation about introducin' you to that Cape Breton beauty, and I think if you happen along with me in about half an hour's time, you can manage to meet her,' I says, makin' it appear as difficult as I could.

"Dawn bit with variations. 'Bah Jove, Captain,' he says, 'I shall be delighted to happen around with you, I'm sure.'

"Inside of half an hour, we were enterin' my boardin'-house.

"'May I come in, ladies?' I says to Mamie and her mother, who, with the Widow Captain John, were sittin' in the parlour at the time.

"'Why, certainly,' they says, lookin' surprised to see me bringin' anyone around, although they know'd all about it, and had a hand in plannin' the campaign for Dawn's heart. It's those cussed women! But that is make no difference.

"'Allow me to present my young friend Mr. George Dawn, of the Federal Bank staff,' I says, usin' the slang Mamie taught me, as I passed around the lord's nephew, who was most cordially received.

"I monopolized the conversation of the widows, and gave Mamie and Dawn a chance to get acquainted. I kept an eye on the pair, howuver, and I could see that Mamie was more than makin' an impression. At last Dawn asked her to sing, and she didn't need any coaxin', I tell you. She sang one song which drew copious drops of liquid from Dawn's blue eyes, so that a blind kitten could see that she had the poor fellow's heart in the palm of her hand."

"Wasn't he soft?" *The Thunderer's* irrepressible interjected.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "he wasn't a bit soft. He was emotional, that was all. But the song Mamie sang was enough to draw blood. It was supposed to be addressed to a girl by the chum of her dead lover who committed suicide because she was faithless, and it caught Dawn right in the throat. It would have been cruel only Mamie brought out the heartlessness of the faithless girl with such fine touches that Dawn laid his heart at Mamie's number-six boots.

"I began to see that it wouldn't be a bad idea to get the lord's nephew home, for I was afraid Mamie might make a break, so I asked the ladies to excuse me because I was goin' to the corner drug-store before it was closed.

"Dawn came with me. 'Isn't she superb, Captain?' he says, as soon as we got out.

"'Don't begin talkin' about those misfortunate daughters of Eve this time of night, my boy,' I says. 'Wait till to-morrow,' I says; and he laughed, bade me good-night, and took a car back home to his boardin'-house.

"I wasn't long away; I only went out after a chew of gum, and when I came back

Mamie was waitin' to see me, her eyes fairly poppin' out of her head with excitement.

"'Oh, Captain, Captain, Captain!' she says. 'Isn't he just lovely?' she says. 'Such eyes, such princely bearin', and such a distinguished manner! It isn't hard to tell that he's of noble birth,' she says.

"'Ah, Mamie,' I says, 'that's all very fine, but if you heared that Dawn loved another girl, you'd feel like scratchin' the eyes out of him and of murderin' the other girl,' I says.

"'I love him, I love him,' she purred.

"'What?' I says.

"'I can't help it, Captain,' she says, 'but I love George Dawn.'

"Wouldn't that jar you, my very dear Bones?"

"It would," growled the newspaper hound.

"Wal," drawled the smuggler, "I came to the conclusion that I had to give Mamie a settin' on, so I told her that if she wanted to spoil all her chances of uver gettin' Dawn, all she had to do was to keep talkin' nonsense like that.

"'Wait until you know him,' I says.

"'All right, Captain,' she says, 'but won't you bring him around soon again?' she says.

"I didn't say nothing. I changed the sub-

ject by remarkin' that as the next day was her birthday, I intended givin' her a birthday present, so when I went down town I bought a purty darn nice locket and chain for her. And would you believe me? In less than a week she had a picture of George Dawn's in that locket. She swiped a snap-shot of half a dozen bank fellows, and cut George Dawn's face out."

"Clever girl that!" declared *The New York Thunderer.* "But how about Dawn?"

"Wal—the lord's nephew called around to my office the next day and talked Mamie until my head ached. 'Look a' here, Dawn,' I says, 'have you forgotten all about that New York saw-bones?' I says. 'Remember that those daughters of Eve are mighty fickle,' I says, 'up to the point when you've got an engagement ring on their finger, and even then you're not too sure,' I says.

"You should have see'd the poor fellow; he was mad enough to walk all the ways down to New York with a shot-gun on his shoulder to hunt out that imaginary doctor and fill him full of buck-shot.

"After a couple of weeks, I notified Mamie that I was goin' to bring the lord's nephew around again, so she more than spruced up. Her mother began to take a hand in the

campaign, too, by makin' swell treats for Dawn's stomach which, she know'd well enough, was not very far away from Dawn's heart, so things began to get mighty interestin', I tell you.

"But I nuver got so scared in my life as when Mamie showed her locket to the bloomin' Englishman, and he began openin' it with a view of gettin' just one peep at his arch enemy from New York. Mamie's heart was in her mouth, or, at least, in her throat, and as soon as Dawn had the locket about opened, Mamie screamed, grabbed the locket, and assumed the most horrified look imaginable. Dawn apologized, said he didn't know there was anything in it, and Mamie, fool that she was, let Dawn have another look at my birthday present, after he had given his word of honour that he wouldn't open it.

"Dawn's word of honour! If he opened that locket and found his own picture in it, what would he think? He'd have a mighty poor opinion of my veracity for one thing. I was simply in a duvil of a perdicament. Talk about skatin' on thin ice; I was actually startin' in to drown after goin' through the ice.

"'Let me see that locket for a minute,'

I says, and Dawn passed it along to me. I know'd what was in it, and I took mighty good care that neither Mamie nor Dawn got a hold of it any more that night.

"Next evening Dawn called at my office to ask my advice about proposin' without delay. 'Don't you do it,' I says, lookin' wise.

"'Why?' he says.

"'Don't you do it,' I says, lookin' more than wise.

"'Why, Captain?' he says.

"'Don't you forget your wealthy rival from New York, and the fascination money has for women,' I says.

"'If that's all,' he says, 'I'll propose to-night,' he says, with his jaws set like an old bull-dog.

"I must have got as pale as a ghost, for he talked as if he know'd something. But he thought I got mad. The crisis came. I pulled his own bottle of potassium cyanide from my pocket. 'Do you see the skull and cross-bones?' I says, right out from the shoulder.

"'Yes,' he says, tears comin' into his eyes.

"'Wal—my boy,' I says, 'you have got to get over your thirst for poison and several other things before you are goin' to propose

to Mamie who is a mighty good little girl,' I says. 'Quit smokin',' I says, and he smashed his beautiful meerschaum pipe against my desk. 'Quit drinkin' beer,' I says, and he took a resolution nuver to taste anything stronger than ginger ale. 'Quit swearin',' I says, and he promised that he'd use nothing stronger than *By Golly* if it'd help to win Mamie, so I decided that I'd give him about three weeks to reform before bringin' him around again.

"Wal—Dawn's reformation was almost Mamie's undoing. She couldn't imagine what was the matter with Mr. Dawn. 'Why don't you bring him around any more, Captain?' she says. 'Why isn't he comin' to see me?' she says.

"It was beginnin' to look as if I had two white elephants on my hands, for, to tell you the truth, I arrived at that stage of the game when I simply didn't know what to do. I made a bad break, too, at the table one day. I told Mamie that Lord Bismuth, Dawn's uncle, was very ill. 'Not likely to recover,' I says, 'and if he dies, George will succeed to the title, to the vast estates, and to the pew in the house of lords,' I says.

"That simply set Mamie wild, and after dinner, she summoned me to the parlour for

an interview. 'You must bring Mr. Dawn to see me,' she says.

"'Must I?' I says. 'But what if he won't come?' I says.

"'Wal,' she says, 'if he won't come, I shall go down to the bank to see him,' she says, bu'stin' out cryin'.

"'You will?' I says.

"'Yes, *I will,*' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'if you dare to do such a foolish thing, I'll tell Dawn all about your gettin' me into the row with the public over those cussed lessons in deportment,' I says, 'by squealin' about them to Tontine Donald,' I says, 'and then the whole game will be up,' I says.

"That took Mamie's breath. 'Oh, Captain, you will break my heart!' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'if you will just possess your little soul in patience,' I says, 'I am quite willin' to help you out,' I says. 'But——'"

"Oh, look at the rabbit!" Bones interrupted.

"Don't let the cussed creature cross the road, old chap," said the sea-dog, "for they are sayin' it is bad luck. That reminds me," he went on to illustrate, "of the morning I was drivin' in to Fort Crane to ketch the

boat. I left early, but one of those cussed creatures crossed the road. My horse got frightened, shied and broke one of the shafts of the wagon, and I missed the boat. But what was I talkin' about before that rabbit came along?"

"About your friend Mamie," Bones answered.

"I told her I was quite willing to help her out," the sea-dog snapped, a trifle irritated that Mr. Bones should have referred to Mamie as his friend, "and I did help her out, the cussed little squealer of a squealin' sex."

"O you woman hater!" Bones chuckled.

"Would you blame me?"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SALMON CRANK.

Captain Roderick and Mr. Bones were quite hungry after their long walk; as a matter of fact, immediately after their return, the smuggler sent for his housekeeper and told her to have an early dinner.

In a few minutes, Little Peggie called them into the dining-room where she served a delicious salmon dinner, but whether or not it was the deliciousness of the salmon that suggested the topic of conversation, one of Captain Roderick's first questions was——

"Did you uver ketch a salmon, Bones?"

"In a net?"

"Not on your life," answered the smuggler, "but with a hook and line. It's strange, too, how a fellow will get stirred up sometimes, and I got stirred up by meetin' a salmon crank at the Bluenose Hotel, Halifax. Yes, a salmon crank. There are various kinds of cranks—a temperance crank, a baseball crank, a fashion crank, and a

grindstone crank, but of all the varieties of crank that uver I came across, the salmon crank is the hottest.

"This peculiar specimen was settin' on the verandah, suckin' a cigar. I had only to look at his mouth to see that he was itchin' to talk about something, and as I myself have a highly developed proclivity for wantin' to ease the pressure on my mind at times by givin' some poor duvil the ear-ache, I warmed right up to my friend the salmon crank, and bade him the time of the day.

"'I was just thinkin',' he says, right off the bat, 'what a grand day this would be for fishin' salmon—now that the season has opened,' he says. 'Did you uver fish salmon?' he says. 'No?' he says. 'Wal,' he says, 'up Metapedia way,' he says, 'where I belong, you'd be counted a purty darn quare fellow, reachin' your age without havin' fished a salmon—the bulliest sport uver a man went at,' he says.

"He poured salmon story after salmon story into my head until I could hear nothing but reels clickin' and see nothing but salmon leapin' hither and thither in the rivers he described. His name was Bubble, and all his enthusiasm bubbled out at one point—

and that point was a highly developed proclivity for whippin' salmon pools with good fishin'-tackle.

"Bubble's enthusiasm was as contagious as small-pox, and it didn't take me long to develop a bad case of salmon mania; fact, the first thing I know'd, I was on the way down to old Fish-Hook's after fishin'-tackle. Bubble went with me, and I was glad he did, for if he didn't, old Fish-Hook would have landed about the biggest sucker that uver entered his shop. But I simply let my salmon-cranky friend do the buyin' with the result that I escaped with a salmon rod and reel, a box of flies, a gaff, a couple of hundred feet of line, cetera, but I didn't escape old Fish-Hook's story about the Englishman that caught the big salmon on the St. John River."

"What about him?" asked the American.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "I'm afraid you're ketchin' the salmon fever yourself. But that is make no difference. You should have see'd old Fish-Hook warm up to his job when he was tellin' about Chesterfield Burdett Cogg's experience on the St. John. It appears Mr. Cogg had two very highly developed proclivities: a most profound con-

tempt for the blawsted, bloody, bloomin' colownial; and a most profound admiration for his particular brand of Cogg.

"His salmon gear was the best that money could buy, and his clothes were made accordin' to the sportiest ideas of sartorial architecture. He was itchin' to wet a salmon fly, it appears, and he was directed to Stillwater on the St. John.

"The proprietress of the hotel at Stillwater was a widow, who took the weight of Cogg at a glance, and passed him over to two Indian guides who were about as slick a pair of cusses as uver drawed the breath of life; fact, if you can believe old Fish-Hook, they were brimmin' over with tired feelin', their throats were as dry as match-paper, and their mouths were eternally ready to open and eternally ready to close over the end of a bottle.

"It took some time, howuver, to convince Cogg that the Indians weren't goin' to scalp him, and when he finally consented to go into their canoe, one morning about six o'clock, he took the precaution of slippin' a loaded revolver into his back pocket.

"Old Fish-Hook said that after whippin' the river for about an hour, he succeeded in hookin' a salmon, and he got such a surprise

that he tumbled out of the canoe into the water, completely saturatin' his sporty clothes.

"'Bah, Jove, Indians,' he says, 'I thought it was a whale, don't-cher-know.'

"One Indian grabbed the rod, and the other Indian fished Cogg out of the water, and all went merry as a church bell tollin' the marriage of an old maid when Cogg got back into the canoe. It took him six hours to land that salmon—so old Fish-Hook told me—but he said the Indians were stringin' the Englishman.

"'The salmon was a monster,' accordin' to Fish-Hook. 'It weighed sixty-seven pounds,' he says, 'and was the biggest salmon uver caught with a hook on the St. John River.' But on the way back to the Bluenose, old Bubble swore by all that was good and holy that he heared old Fish-Hook tellin' that yarn about fifteen times, the salmon havin' gone up nineteen pounds in weight in the meantime.

"'Salt and pickle, I suppose?' I says.

"'I suppose so,' he says.

"Both Bubble and Fish-Hook seemed to be kind of sore on the Englishman, although I think he behaved purty darn clever with the people of Stillwater. He had the salmon

cooked, then invited uverybody, within three miles, to supper.

"More than that, he sent down the River for a couple of barrels of booze, and old Fish-Hook is my authority for sayin' that there were no dry throats in Stillwater that night—at least while Cogg's liquid glory lasted; fact, tradition has it that after makin' the whole neighbourhood happy, Cogg himself got most gloriously happy."

"Pretty decent chap, after all," the newspaper man declared. "But how about the first salmon you caught?"

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "as I said before, I developed a bad case of salmon mania, for I had a salmon pulse, a salmon temperature, and a salmon appetite, so the first thing I know'd I was on my way to Cape Breton. I left my yacht at Margaree Harbour, and drivin' to Margaree Forks, about five miles inland, I put up at that famous summer-hotel kept by a farmer-prince ownin' a couple of thousand acres of land.

"It's no use, Mr. Bones; that hotel ain't fit. They use you so well there that you feel badly used at uvery other hotel in the country. Kind? Kind is no name for them. They simply spoil a fellow with kindness.

One sassy fellow who was there had this to say of the proprietor:

"'If you are morose and dyspeptic, he'll cure you; if you don't eat plenty, he will kill you.'

"I want to say right here that while I was there, I was no candidate for the shot-gun; fact, I was ashamed of all I eat.

"The rivers were low when I got to The Forks, and they told me I might as well start in whippin' the dust on the road for salmon as to begin poundin' the pools with fishin'-tackle. But that didn't jar me the least. I succeeded in securin' Jo for a guide—a man that knows more about salmon fishin' than any other man in the country—one of the most lovable fellows in the whole world.

"We both started out at four o'clock, the very next morning after my arrival, and the first thing I know'd I was up to my middle in the water, poundin' the Poodley-Poodley-Poo Pool, expectin' uvery minute to have one of those big beggars of salmon come up and swallow the end of my fishin'-tackle. It was excitin', I tell you. I had a new sensation uvery minute. But I pounded the Poodley-Poodley-Poo in vain.

"I then tried Log Pool, Forks Pool, Hut

Pool, Noon Pool, French Pool, and Bridge Pool, but without bein' able to raise a salmon. I succeeded in raisin' something else, howuver, and that was an enormous appetite. Why, when I got back to the hotel about eight o'clock, after a second breakfast, I was hungry enough to eat fish-hooks.

"I was thoroughly soaked with water, too: my trousers were wet, my boots were full of water and gravel, and I felt as mean as uver I felt in my life. I felt licked. That's the plain English of it, and I was so darn disgusted with myself, I thought that would be the last time I'd uver go fishin' again. But when I got dry clothes on, and a second breakfast aboard, I had the salmon mania worse than uver. I was simply bound to hook a salmon or bu'st.

"After breakfast, we drove down to Seal Pool, and I pounded it for over an hour without even gettin' a swirl from a salmon; fact, they didn't condescend to switch their tails at me. But I kept on poundin'. I whipped Tidal Pool, I whipped Davison Pool, I whipped Hole Pool and Breakwater Pool and Wire Pool and Brook Pool until I came to The Rips—and then something happened. I dropped something; fact, I dropped Cap-

tain Roderick himself into the swift-flowin' Rips.

"Talk about duckin' a hen for the purpose of curin' her of an abnormal cravin' to set, of gettin' the cluck out of her, but I beat that all hollow. I was beginnin' to think that I could handle a salmon rod about as slick as any tenderfoot, and I developed that pride which, they are sayin', goeth before you fall. But I didn't fall. I simply dropped into The Rips as I was completin' a rather fancy stunt in makin' a long cast.

"My guide was settin' at the side of the bank, a couple of hundred feet down stream, and the first thing he know'd a pair of boots, a fishin'-rod and a sou'wester, were passin' him. He made a shot at one of the boots with his gaff, and soon succeeded in landin' a mighty big sucker.

"You would have thought, too, that the sucker would be cured of his salmon mania by this time, and perhaps he was for the time bein'; fact, a drop of that nature should be sufficient to cure anything. But like the penitent hen with the proclivity for settin', I was cured while I was in the water, I was cured when I looked at myself after I got out of the water; but when I got back to the hotel and got some dinner into me, my

salmon temperature went up two or three degrees, and I had a relapse with the result that my salmon mania was worse than uver.

"I could curse old Bubble in half a dozen different dialects when I tumbled into The Rips, but when I got the cravin' in my stomach satisfied with a chunk of delicious fresh lamb at the dinner table, there was nuver a sixteen-year-old girl had love-sickness worse than I had salmon-sickness. I simply got stubborn; I was bound to hook a salmon whatuver.

"Wal—after dinner that day, I went to bed and had a darn good sleep. I loafed around from three o'clock until five, when I had a hearty supper, and at six I was on my way back to the Poodley-Poodley-Poo Pool, attired in my salmon raiment which was still wet from the soakin' I got in the morning. I may mention here that the evening was dark; it looked like rain, and I didn't just know what kind of a fly to tempt Mr. Salmon with, so I left the choice of a fly with my guide who selected an ugly nondescript article out of my box of flies, and attached it to the end of my castin'-line.

"'Do you want to scare uvery salmon out of the Poodley-Poodley-Poo with that fly?' I says.

"He just laughed. He know'd what he was doin', for I believe the death-knell of a salmon was ringin' in his ears. 'Cast with a short line in those rapids,' he says, as I plunged into the river up to my middle, 'and be careful that you don't go over too far, for the current is swift and there is a deep hole——'

"That was the last I heared as I waded with the strong current until I got to the place indicated. I felt darn uncomfortable; fact, I felt mean, for I was drenched to the skin in an instant, and as I had only a pair of laced boots on, the gravel began to get into them, and to work down underneath my socks.

"Wal—Jo sat on the bank, and I made my first cast with a short line, then when the current made the line taut, I stood wigglin' the rod until the current carried the hook around the edge of the pool. I then drew my line back and made a second cast, after payin' out an extra yard or so. There was no result.

"I made a third cast with a longer line, then I made a fourth cast, and lo and behold! Up came Mr. Salmon and swallowed my fly.

"I'll nuver forget the sensation as long as

I live. I soon forgot the gravel in my shoes. I was king of the earth in an instant, for that salmon made down stream like as if it was shot out of a gun.

"'Give him about fifty yards of free line,' says the guide. 'He'll only go to the other end of the pool,' he says.

"'All right,' I says.

"But when Mr. Salmon got to the other end of the Poodley-Poodley-Poo, he took a notion to go a little farther, so the chase began. I had only a hundred yards of line on the reel at the time, so when Mr. Salmon would get the hundred yards paid out, he would simply snap my line like a bit of thread. He had fifty yards out then, and one would have thought that one hundred and fifty feet would satisfy him, but he simply wanted the whole earth. All he got, howuver, was ten yards more. He then stopped, and, to save my soul, I couldn't get a move out of him.

"'My line is caught in a stick,' I says, but my guide only laughed.

"'Reel him up tight,' he says; 'then bend your rod almost double,' he says, 'and tap the end of it good and hard,' he says.

"I tried to do as I was told, but I was so darn excited, I suppose I didn't do the

stunt right, so my guide plunged out into the river with me. You should have see'd him. He tightened up the line, doubled the rod, then tapped it in a way that would stir up Old Nick if he were in the bottom of the pool. The effect was instantaneous. Mr. Salmon shot out of the water about five feet, and then made a bee-line up the stream.

"'Take in the slack,' he says, handin' back the rod, and I made the reel spin, I tell you, when presently the cussed fish shot out of the water, about twenty feet away, then made down stream again.

"Talk about excitement. I was nuver so excited in my life. The perspiration was pourin' off my old and well-know'd face. I was drunk with the game—mad, crazy mad, with salmon-phobia.

"'Let me take that hook out of your finger,' says my guide.

"'What hook?' I says.

"'That salmon hook that's embedded in the soft part of your big finger,' he says.

"'I nuver noticed it,' I says, 'but I can't wait,' I says. 'The salmon got the line caught in a stick,' I says.

"'Let the salmon sulk for a minute,' he says.

"'All right,' I says, and he started to take the hook out.

"But just as he got hold of the hook, the salmon got frisky again and shot into the air a third time. 'Hurry up,' I says, 'and if you can't get the hook out, cut the bloody finger off,' I says, 'for I'd rather lose that finger than lose that salmon,' I says.

"Wasn't I crazy? Wasn't I mad with the game? Wasn't my relapse from the cure of the morning a bad one? But, holy Jerusalem, it was a relapse that was glorious!"

"Go on with your story, Captain," *The Thunderer* demanded.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "while Jo was gettin' the hook out, Mr. Salmon was doin' all kinds of stunts at the other end of the Poodley-Poodley-Poo; fact, owin' to our neglect, he got a brief breathin' spell, and was just as frisky and just as full of fight as when I hooked him first. But he sulked so bad at times that Jo had to throw stones at him.

"Shootin' up the pool and down the pool and across the pool for over two hours, howuver, left him completely exhausted. He came to the surface, turned over on his side, and let me reel him up.

"'Be careful that he doesn't snap the

line,' says the guide, and you bet your life I was as careful as if I was landin' a whale. 'Now I got him,' he says, gaffin' Mr. Salmon by the middle and tossin' him ashore. We then caught him by the gills, and killed him with a stone.

"Talk about your kid with a new top, or your love-sick girl with a diamond engagement-ring; they were nothing to salmon-crazy Captain Roderick with his first salmon. The first thing I did when I got out of the water was to yell, and I want to tell you that I nuver put as much joy into one yell in my life as I did on that memorable occasion. The hills echoed that yell, the cows echoed it; nay, more, the very dogs echoed it, for uvery dog with a barkin' throat on both sides of the river set up a howl of joy.

"My boots were full of gravel, but I didn't mind that. My knee ached with rheumatism, but I didn't mind that. I lost my hat and my pipe and my cigar case, but I didn't mind that. I almost lost my finger, but I didn't mind that. All these little things were swallowed up in the joy of carryin' home a twenty-seven pound salmon—a joy that spilled all over me, makin' me feel kindly even towards my most vicious enemies."

"There are spots in a fellow's life like that, my dear Bill Bones; a spot here and there, when a man's very pains and aches are turned into boundless joy. But I suppose it wouldn't do to have a fellow's life all spots of that kind, for all spots would be no spots at all. It would get mighty monotonous.

"A fellow appreciates his friends better after he has a few tilts with his enemies. Gleams of sunshine are better appreciated after hours of darkness; the blessings of sight, after a dose of blindness. Such is life.

"I felt mighty proud, howuver, comin' up to the verandah of the hotel on which were perched a dozen salmon-cranky people who had been poundin' the pools for a couple of weeks without as much as gettin' a sassy swirl from a salmon."

"'Congratulations, Captain,' they all shouted at onct, comin' to meet me, for you'll find those afflicted with the salmon mania mighty generous people.

"'Where did you get it?' says one of them.

"'In the Poodley-Poodley-Poo Pool,' I says.

"'Isn't it a beauty?' says another, examinin' the corpse.

"'You beat us all hallow,' says another. 'I am as proud of your success as if it were my own,' he says.

"These were some of the kind things they said to me.

"'Wal,' I says, 'we'll have a big feed out of this corpse to-morrow,' I says, and I got the genial proprietor to have the dinner of the season prepared at my expense.

"But I was mighty tired, I tell you, and I went right up to my room. I put off my wet clothes, and my boots, which held a pint of gravel between them; then, takin' a cup of hot cocoa my good old host sent up to my room, I got into bed. Wal—Bones, old boy, if your salmon-cranky friend felt joyful on his way home with his first salmon, he felt glorious now. It wasn't so much the taste of the cussed stuff, as Jo For Short would put it, as the glory, the glory, the glory!

"The river sang softly in the pale light of a half-grown moon as I slowly passed into a most refreshin' sleep, which was not broken by dreams of hardship and sufferin' and of tumblin' into The Rips, but which was soothed by visions of a noble river, of a kindly guide, and of pools that sent up salmon to have a crack at your fishin'-tackle."

"I never hooked a salmon in my life," the convalescent sighed. "It must be glorious sport."

"Glorious sport!" repeated the sea-dog. "It's next thing to paradin' the streets of paradise."

CHAPTER XIV.

"THE OLD CALL OF THE SEA."

After dinner, Captain Roderick took Mr. Bones out to see the old schooner.

"Is this the *Rob Roy?*" asked Bones.

"The one and only," answered the smuggler.

"She looks pretty well, I tell you, for an old schooner."

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "I had her all cleaned up, scraped, calked—fact, I had her thoroughly repaired and painted all over last summer. You know I got lonesome pokin' around in a steam yacht. I wanted to get back to the old life again—to the happy life, when I was king of outlaws, and as free from care as an ocean wave or a sea-gull. Hurricane Bob was responsible. I met him in Halifax.

"'Hello, Hurricane,' I says to a fellow I see'd pokin' along Lower Water Street, one evening about the middle of June.

"'Hello,' he says.

"'Don't you know me?' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'if you weren't such a swell, I'd say you were Captain Roderick,' he says.

"'Surely I haven't changed that much, Bob,' I says.

"'I don't know,' he says, 'but somehow or another I'd hardly believe you were the same sea-dog I used to know in the good old days that are gone,' he says.

"That set me thinkin'. 'Have I changed with prosperity?' I says. 'I thought I was the same old dog, Bob,' I says; 'with the same old bark, the same old growl, and the same old whine,' I says. 'But you seem to think I have changed my breed—that I'm after turnin' poodle—and it makes me feel real bad,' I says.

"'I now see that prosperity hasn't changed you any, Captain,' he says, 'for right down in that decent old heart of yours, you're the same sea-duvil I used to know—as changeless,' he says, 'as the very rocks that jut out into the sea. You may cover your carcass with broadcloth raiment, you may hide your number-ten feet underneath patent-leather shoes, you may cover the bald spot on the top of your pate with a silk hat, you may shove those paws of yours

into tight-fittin' gloves, but that rugged old face would show the old dog still; and even if you'd cover it up with a mask or a veil,' he says, 'as soon as you'd open your mouth to talk, your bark would reveal dear old Fido,' he says, 'with as little of the poodle about him as the snout of a schooner,' he says. 'Change you, Captain Roderick?' he says. 'It would take nothing short of a miracle. You're single yet?' he says.

"'You bet your life,' I says; 'I'm as single as the mateless tempest,' I says.

"'The same old woman hater?' he says. 'On general principles, yes,' I says. 'I still carry my old and well-know'd proclivity for hatin' the cussed sex around with me,' I says.

"'Then,' he says, 'you're the same old dog,' he says. 'Your growl rings true,' he says. 'Put it there,' he says, grabbin' my hand and shakin' it as only a whole man can. It was none of your new-fangled hand-shakin', either, but the old pump-handle variety that whistles *Home Sweet Home.*

"Wal—Bill, old pal, I felt like tearin' off my fantastic raiment and gettin' into an old suit of clothes, for onct again I was the same old sea-dog that defied wind and waves and revenue-officers. It was the old call of the sea that was ringin' in my ears—

the call of the black squall comin' over the waves, the call of white sails flappin' loudly in the mad wind, the call of a long-snouted schooner, and not the call of a creature throbbin' with engine, all a-tremblin' from snout to stern. Talk about an old war-horse sniffin' the old life in a powder-can. It was nothing to sniffin' Hurricane Bob.

"'Where's the old *Rob Roy?*' he says.

"'Beached,' I blushed to tell him, 'beached at Big Frog Pond.'

"'Beached?' he says.

"'Beached,' I says, like a criminal pleadin' guilty from the dock.

"'And you pokin' around in a steam yacht?' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, feelin' as guilty as if I was on my way to the penitentiary.

"'Is the schooner beyond repairin'?' he says.

"'No,' I says. 'Let's get her rigged out again,' I says. 'Will you go with me, Bob?' I says.

"'Go with you?' he says. 'Why, I'd go with you to the brink—of the place you write with a dash—in the *Rob Roy,*' he says, although a little more forcibly than my translation of it.

"That was enough. I had an old suit of gray homespun at home, I know'd where Foxy Donald was livin', so I decided to get the old schooner afloat onct more, and for that purpose I made a bee-line for Big Frog Pond, bringin' Hurricane Bob with me. We lost no time gettin' to work on the *Rob Roy,* which cost me over two thousand dollars to put in first-class repair.

"Now, I want to say right here that when she came off the slip she was just as good as the day she was first launched; fact, she was a bird, and after layin' in a stock of old-time provisions—herring, salt pork, salt codfish, potatoes, hard-tack, beans, butter, condensed milk, cetera—we set sail."

"Where were you bound for?" asked the American.

"St. Pierre, of course," answered the sea-dog. "Ah, but it was a glorious trip! The wind howled, the gulls howled; why, the very waves howled their joy at seein' me back where I belonged.

"But talk about joy—you should have see'd M. Rioux Tranche-Montagne, which, bein' interpreted, means something like Mr. Laugh-Where Split-the-Mountain, Marchand & Company's foreman. The poor fellow was standin' twice with delight.

"'Captain Roderick,' he says, ringin' my hand and distillin' juice with his keen little brown eyes. '*Tiens, tiens,* but how glad I am to see you back. Hooraw for de ol' man—she's back again,' he says. 'Come and have some something—wine, gin, whis-key, nothing in St. Pierre is too good for my ol' frien'. See?' says he. 'An' where have you been all dis time? An' what have you been doin' wit' yourself dat we nuver see you?' he says. 'I miss you—I miss you very much,' he says. 'Come and have some something—whis-key was your favorite,' he says. 'My sake, my sake, my sake!'

"Wal— when Mr. Split-the-Mountain got me into his office, he nearly drowned me with champagne; and while I was strugglin', without life-preservers, to save both of us from a champagne drunk, we talked over old times, and came to the conclusion that the Scotch and the French were the two friendliest nations on the face of the earth.

"'Take us over there in Canada,' I says. 'We live in peace and unity and brotherly love with the sons and daughters of French extraction,' I says, 'just as the French and Scotch used to do in the good old days when the Dauphin of France got

struck on misfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots,' I says.

"'Yes,' he says, 'in the glorious—hic—days of chivalry and romance,' he says.

"'Of course, the Scotch have the habit of singin' sassy Jacobite songs which, if taken literally, are more or less disloyal,' I says, 'but what's the good of a man unless the sassy side of him comes to the surface now and then.'

"'Dat is the reason, I suppose so,' he says, 'dat de people of Canada nearly bu's' deir side laughin' when de French start in singin' de *Marseillaise Hymn* to slow music,' he says, 'for den—hic,' he says, 'de sass is all taken out of it.'

"'Yes,' I says, 'when the glorious *Marseillaise* is sung slow, it's as flat as porridge without salt,' I says. 'But it's literally standin' on its hind legs when it's sung fast,' I says; 'it's darn sassy then,' I says, 'for you can almost hear the blood tricklin' out of uvery word,' I says. 'But when it's sung slow, it's as tame as if you asked a fellow if he wouldn't be kind enough to go to the bottomless pits instead of directin' him thither, right off the bat,' I says.

"'Dat's right,' he says, agreein' with uverything I says, even when I made the

statement off hand that ten to one there was Scotch blood in half the people there. But he got his back up considerably when I told him that I was convinced that Napoleon Bonaparte was a Scotchman.

"'Dat is not a fact,' he says, contradictin' me flatly, but not wishin' to get into any controversy until I had purchased a cargo of liquor, I adjourned the debate indefinitely.

"Mr. Laugh-Someplace Split-the-Hills was interestin' up to the point when he started in winkin' his shoulders, and then he had to be dealt with at arm's length. 'I came here after a cargo of booze,' I says, and he awoke to business in a minute.

"'What you want?' he says, winkin' at me with his cussed shoulders.

"'Booze,' I says.

"'What kind of booze?' he says. 'We have champagne—de bes' in de worl'—six dollar a case—twelve bottle to de case. How many?' he says.

"'Fifty cases,' I says.

"'We have Port wine—de bes' in de market—one dollar twenty-five cent. per gallon in hogshead of one hundred gallon each. How many?' he says.

"'Five hogsheads,' I says.

"'We have Demarara rum—none better

—forty overproof—in fifty-gallon cask—one dollar t'irty-five cent a gallon. How many?'

"'Ten casks,' I says.

"'All right,' he says. 'Any whis-key?' he says.

"'No,' I says.

"'Havana cigar? Tobacco? No?' he says. 'All right,' he says. 'I'll deliver de consignment wit'out *de*-lay, and will send carpenter to store one-half below false bottom, de odder half behin' false partition,' he says. 'Dat will give you easy bluff,' he says.

"'Nuver mind your old bluff,' I says, 'for I intend to sail straight into Halifax Harbour with this cargo, and I'll bet you a hat that the Customs officers will pay mighty little attention to me.'

"'Do not take de risk, my frien',' he says. 'Do not take de risk,' he says.

"But I only laughed in his face. 'How much do I owe you, M'sieu' Laughter-and-Splits?' I says.

"'Let me see, my frien',' he says. 'Wait to I make it up—champagne, bes' in de worl'; Port, de bes' in de market; Demarara, none better—let me see,' he says. 'Six, and six, and t'ree, and one to carry—sixteen hundred dollar. Is dat right?'

"'Guess so,' I says, and I paid him the money.

"After biddin' Mr. Laugh-Somewhere Split-the-Mountain good-bye, we set sail for Halifax, arrivin' in the historic harbour about ten o'clock the followin' day. I wasn't afraid of revenue-cutters, I wasn't afraid of anybody, so I sailed right up to Dudley's wharf."

"Weren't you afraid of being caught, Captain?"

"No," answered the smuggler. "I sold the whole outfit to the proprietor of the Bluenose for two thousand dollars, makin' something over three hundred dollars clear profit on the trip.

"But the man who runs the Bluenose was kind of timid. 'I'm scared of gettin' ketched,' he says.

"'Scared of what?' I says.

"'I'm scared of gettin' pinched for this booze,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'if you go around with a hang-dog look on your face, someone will get busy and suspect that something's wrong, but if you look pleasant, and keep rattlin' the change in your pants' pockets to keep your courage up while I am havin' the cussed stuff carted up to your eatin'-house, uvery-

thing will go all right,' I says. 'You'll simply be surprised how little notice will be taken of the whole transaction,' I says.

"But the misfortunate fellow had no nerve. He was as scared as an eight-year-old school-boy would be tacklin' an orchard, although his teeth would be actually runnin' water with longin' to exercise themselves on the luscious fruit.

"I paid mighty little attention to him. I had his two thousand dollars in my pocket, and I believe he'd rather have seen me throw the cargo into the dock than run the risk of gettin' caught, much as he wanted such high-grade booze at less than one-third what he could get it for anywhere else. I just laughed to bu'st my sides at the way his knees shook, and had the cussed booze carted up to the Bluenose in broad daylight, inside of a week after our arrival."

"Was that the proprietor who refused you the drink of liquor on one occasion, because you were from Cape Breton?" asked the irrepressible.

"Yes," answered the sea-dog, "but I got back at him in a manner that was thoroughly after my own heart. You see when he got the cussed booze safely stored in the Bluenose Hotel," he went on to explain, "and

while he was congratulatin' himself on the two thousand dollars' profit he was goin' to make out of the deal, I took Hurricane Bob to one side for the purpose of scarin' the old and well-know'd proprietor of the Bluenose into his boots, and a bigger wag than Hurricane Bob nuver drawed the breath of life.

"'See here, mister,' says Bob, takin' the proprietor into a private room, 'where am I goin' to fit in about that cargo of booze?' he says.

"'Fit in?' says the proprietor. 'What do you mean?' he says.

"'Wal,' says Bob, 'I want something out of the deal.'

"'You've got to go to Captain Roderick,' says the proprietor.

"'I have you just where I want you,' says Bob, 'and that is hangin' by the eye-lids, so cough up,' he says.

"'Cough up?' says the proprietor.

"'Yes,' says Bob; 'two thousand dollars —one-half the profit, or I'll have the Customs officials after you inside of five minutes,' he says.

"Wal—the proprietor must have gone down into his boots about five inches. He wanted to send for me, but Bob wouldn't

consent to the arrangement. He wanted a day to raise the money, but Hurricane wouldn't give him five minutes. He wanted Bob to take less, but Bob wouldn't come down five cents.

"'Cough up,' says Bob, 'cough up, you poor, misfortunate fellow,' he says, 'for you are absolutely in my power,' he says.

"The proprietor simply coughed onct or twice with his throat, then went into the office and set the safe at work coughin'. He then went into the hotel bar to get the cash register to clear its throat, and as soon as he succeeded in gatherin' the two thousand dollars, he coughed it up to Hurricane Bob who made a bee-line for me.

"Didn't I laugh? I held the money for nearly a week while the proprietor kept to his room, sulkin' like a recalcitrant salmon. 'See here, mister,' I says to him on his reappearance, 'Hurricane Bob's quite a nice fellow,' I says.

"'He's a scoundrel,' he says.

"'Tut, tut,' I says. 'Why, the fellow gave me two thousand dollars to give you as a present,' I says, 'and I think he's a mighty nice fellow,' I says, handin' the sucker the money which he was mighty glad to get back. 'Now, I want to tell you something,' I

says. 'I was the one who put up the game on you. Do you remember the night you refused me a drink of booze after hours because I was from Cape Breton?' I says. He didn't say nothing, but he blushed like a small boy caught stealin' a kiss. 'Wal,' I says, 'I have been layin' for you all these years, and I think I have succeeded in gettin' square with you at last,' I says. He didn't open his mouth, but I could tell by the smile hoverin' around his lower jaw that he see'd the point. But that was the only satisfaction I got out of the whole business, Bones, my friend. There isn't even fun in the smugglin' game for me any more."

"How's that, Captain?"

"For several reasons. A fellow of my financial standing is nuver suspected of lawlessness of that kind, and the people couldn't see him at it with a microscope, under ordinary circumstances. Then again, even if they ketched me, what difference would it make? Why, I could buy the schooner back when she'd be put up at auction, in competition with the whole country, and I'd feel a fine as little as a mosquito-bite.

"What signifies a couple of thousand dollars to a fellow that has hundreds of thousands of the filthy stuff that he cannot

spend? That was my position, and these are some of the reasons that the game lost all its fun for me. Not so in the good old days when I'd have uvery dollar that I owned and uvery dollar that I could borrow, tied up into a smugglin' venture. It was then that the game was thrillin'; it was then that a fellow's knees shook when there was danger around—then, that thrills of pleasure would shoot out to a fellow's finger-tips after he had succeeded in landin' his treasure safely —after escapin' the sea-hounds. Then, it meant losin' all a fellow had; now, the loss would be as triflin' as the sigh of a sinner in a crowded church."

"Strange world this, Captain!" declared *The New York Thunderer.*

"You're right there, old chap. There's more truth than poetry in the sayin' that a fellow only appreciates what he's got to sweat for. What comes easy isn't worth while. It's only what comes hard.

"Take my own case. I had a longin' for the old life—I was crazy to be an outlaw again, and between you and me, my dear fellow, I was about as good a specimen as was uver raised in these parts. But that was in the old days when I was fightin' down the hunger that was continually threatenin'

to eat me all up if I didn't succeed with my lawlessness.

"It's different now. I got money enough to feed any hungry combination that is made against me, and the spice is all taken out of the game. I did succeed in deliverin' the sassiest cargo of booze that was uver delivered in old Halifax—a stunt which, if performed in the good old hungry days, would have made me feel that I was sort of an outlaw king, but which now makes me feel half ashamed of myself.

"I suppose it gave me an opportunity of gettin' rid of a certain amount of the cussedness that a fellow keeps continually generatin', howuver, for if the cussedness that prompted that stunt didn't find an outlet in a trip to St. Pierre, it is hard to say what I might have done.

"You know it's purty darn hard to reform an old sinner. You've got to take him by degrees, and no matter how near you get his feet adjusted to the stunt of paradin' the straight and narrow pathway, ten to one he'll have his pockets full of forbidden fruit and the first thing you'll know old Adam will be croppin' out, and you will find him gorgin' himself, two apples at a time.

"Of course, in a smuggler's code of morals,

there is no such thing as the sin of of smugglin'; in his code of justice, there are a whole lot of things worse than gettin' ahead of revenue-officers. But what's the good of the game when the cussed fellows won't chase you any longer? What's the good of dodgin' fellows that will only raise their hat to you when they meet you on the street? Do you think the small boy would enjoy raidin' an orchard for sour apples unless there was a crabbed owner or an aggressive bull-dog at the other end of the venture?"

"Why didn't you tell the revenue-officers that you were at the old business again?" the newspaper man suggested. "That would put them on to the game, and make them chase, too."

"Yes, but that would be pleadin' guilty before you committed the crime," replied the sea-dog. "There's no fun in that. You want the pleasure of drawin' the cork out of the bottle, and of hearin' it pop and phiz. What's the good of guzzlin' beer that has been two or three days uncorked? You want the bubbles to sizzle up your nose while the cussed stuff itself is makin' its way down your throat.

"Money drew the cork out of the smugglin' business, which has lost all its sizzle,

so far as this sea-dog's nose is concerned. But that's the way: when you can afford a thirteen-course feed, you've only got the appetite of a dyspeptic to tackle it. There is nothing like bein' content with one's lot, old man, whether it be a corner lot in the business section, or a rear lot in a country churchyard."

CHAPTER XV.

HIGH LIFE.

"Were you uver at a tea-fight?" Captain Roderick asked his guest after supper that evening, drawing his chair up in front of the brightly burning grate-fire.

"A tea-fight?" repeated the reporter. "What kind of a fight is that?"

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "it isn't a fight in the ordinary sense. It's more or less of a riot—the kind of a riot that fifty or sixty recalcitrant cats would make if throwed together."

"Were you uver at one, Captain?"

"Wasn't I? And I nuver felt so mean in all my life. I didn't go of my own accord, howuver; I was simply dragged there by Dannie Donald the Duvil, law student, disciple of Satan, and my friend George Dawn, lord's nephew, cetera.

"'Goin' down to Mrs. Bartholomew Tuft-Hunter's tea-fight?' says Dannie, with a suspicious-lookin' twinkle in his eyes.

"'Don't know,' I says. 'Did I get an invitation?' I says.

"'Of course, you did,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I don't think I'll go, Dannie,' I says. 'I ain't got no darn use for those sanguinary functions,' I says. Wal—he got Dawn after me, and between him and Dawn, the first thing I know'd I was on my way to the tea-fight."

"Did the police know it was comin' off?" asked the irrepressible.

"Wal—no," answered the smuggler. "They should have know'd, but when they saw the military goin', I suppose their vigilance gradually subsided like the froth on the top of a glass of porter. But I wish two or three of them did show up, for then I could have called on one of them to escort me from the battlefield when I found things gettin' too hot.

"'What's the nature of the festivities?' I says to Dannie.

"'I really don't know, Captain,' says the young rascal. 'I nuver attended a tea-fight before,' he says.

"I then turned to Mr. Bah Jove Dawn, but he didn't know the exact nature of the function, either, or he pretended not to know, which was about the same thing.

"'Wal,' I says, 'if that's all you fellows know about the trap you's are tryin' to lead me into,' I says, 'I refuse to be ketched—that's all,' I says.

"'You'll miss a whole lot of fun if you don't go,' says Dawn. 'It'll be a new experience anyhow,' he says.

"Dannie chimed in, and not feelin' like turnin' quitter, I ground my teeth, closed my fists, and arrived at the conclusion that I could put up as good a scrap as either Dannie or Dawn, if it came to the worst. But didn't I feel mean goin'? I was far from bein' happy, I tell you.

"Wal—after considerable skirmishin', we arrived at the scene of battle—at the Bartholomew Tuft-Hunter residence on Paradise Row; and I want to say right here that I was feelin' mighty miserable. I'd have gladly given a thousand dollars to get out of the scrape the boys got me into only I was too stubborn to give in.

"I almost collapsed as I went up the steps, followin' those two duvils like a sick dog. I was like a sucker tryin' to swim in a bucket of booze—the atmosphere was a trifle too strong for me. But I managed to stagger along until I found myself inside the house. Then a feelin' of nausea came over

me, and the blood started in leavin' my face.

"I didn't cry with my eyes, but if there is such a thing as a fellow weepin' with his forehead, I must have performed that stunt, for my forehead was distillin' cold liquid of the same composition as tears. Talk about a poor duvil bein' scared—I was nuver half so frightened in my life. Why, I wouldn't be half so frightened on my way to the gallows.

"I was at length manœuvred near the entrance to the main drawin'-room where Mrs. Bartholomew Tuft-Hunter, clad in demi-toilet raiment, had taken up her position.

"'How do you do, Dannie?' she says. 'And Mr. Dawn?' she says, receivin' the lord's nephew. 'And Captain Roderick?' she says, receivin' the sucker par excellence of the fight.

"Wal—uverything in the room was one big blur. I couldn't see anything. I couldn't hear anything, for the gib-gabbin' of my fellow guests had grown to a deafenin' uproar. It was turrible. I expected to be shot down any minute; fact, I thought I heared all kinds of sharp military commands amid the crackin' of musketry and the clashin' of swords.

"'Have a drink of Scotch, Captain?' some one whispered—it was Dannie, who had edged his way through the troops to the booze end of the festivities. 'It's Scotch, Captain,' he says.

"'Heaven bless you, my boy!' I says, tightly clutchin' the glass he placed in my hand, for I thought there was a fifty-six-pound weight attached to it.

"I managed to get it to my lips, howuver, and I absorbed that booze as quickly as if I had been a bucketful of dry sand. Ah, but it soaked into my parched soul, restorin' my sight, my hearin', nay, my very senses!

"Gradually the outlines of three large rooms with foldin' doors between them, began to grow upon my sight, these rooms bein' crowded to the utmost with jabberin' guests—the women attired in ordinary street costume, hats, gloves, cetera; the men, à la mode.

"Lieutenant Puggaree was in clover—surrounded by an awkward squad of the daughters of Eve, each with a cup of tea in her hand, all lost in admiration of Puggaree's new uniform. Captain Putty was there, too, with three or four other defenders of the country, each comin' in for a large share of

admiration from the unfair sex, all sippin' tea.

"Unfair sex, I said; unfair sex, I repeat, for I thought I was at a choppin' frolic—there were so many chips flyin'. One of the outfit thought the tea was too strong; another, that it was too weak; a third complained about the waiter standin' on her feet; a fourth kicked because they had to stand up; a fifth, bein' more or less pious, began takin' chips off the bottle of whiskey on the handsomely decorated and generously laden table in the dinin'-room.

"'Look at that whiskey,' she says, 'at an afternoon tea,' she says. 'I think it exceedingly bad taste,' she says.

"'I don't agree with you,' I says, wishin' to stir up a row, 'although I haven't been presented,' I says, usin' the slang of the game, 'but I want to say right here,' I says, 'that the whiskey tastes all right,' I says, 'for if Mrs. Bartholomew Tuft-Hunter made the mistake of thinkin' that those she invited wouldn't all parade here at onct,' I says, 'she is a connoisseur of booze,' I says.

"There was a look of disgust on Puggaree's face, and his number-ten feet must have been gettin' uneasy in his Wellington

boots, for his spurs began tinklin'. I was kind of afraid that he would turn rooster and make a drive at me with one of those spurs, for Dannie and Dawn were busy patronizin' the grub end of the festivities—and right here I want to mention the fact that the proprietress of the bloodless battlefield didn't go mean about the grub. Oysters, salids, boned turkey, ices, bonbons, cetera, were there in abundance and the two duvils that got me into the difficulty were more than helpin' themselves.

"Wal—when I see'd some of the guests movin' out, I began to wonder when the fight was comin' off. Nearly all the women had gloves on, but I didn't see any boxin' gloves around, and the military looked far from bellicose. But I was too proud to give in and ask someone the exact minute the fight was to start until I happened to run across another old sucker who seemed to be takin' things mighty cool.

"'How do you like Mrs. Bartholomew Tuft-Hunter's tea-fight?' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I am gettin' anxious for the fightin' to begin.'

"'To begin?' he says.

"'Yes, to begin,' I says.

"'Listen,' he says. 'Listen to the ragin'

of the bloodless battle,' he says, and I began to listen.

"'This tea is worse than dish water,' one purty creature remarked.

"'I just heared Mamie Moonface sayin' it was delicious,' says another.

"'Wal,' replied the first, 'she's easy, caterin' to those climbers,' she says.

"'Just look at that picture there,' says Number Two. 'I wonder whose it is.'

"'Mrs. Tuft-Hunter's father,' says Number One. 'He looks like a common country farmer,' she says.

"'Take stock of the piano,' says Number Two.

"'Yes,' says Number Three, watchin' a chance to join in the attack, 'it got all scratched comin' out of Noah's ark.'

"Then a fourth came gigglin' through the crowd. 'Do you know the latest?' she says.

"'No?' the trio chimed in.

"'Miss Boobey is tryin' to tumble off the shelf.'

"'Off the shelf?' they says.

"'Yes,' she says, 'she's just daft on Lieutenant Puggaree,' and they all laughed.

Still the bloodless battle raged. The wounded made their way to the rear—I mean out of the house to the street—and fresh

recruits kept arrivin' all the time. The grub end was patronized, some tea was sipped, a shower of chips flew, and they moved to the rear, bearin' wounds from the conflict.

"'Mr. Dawn,' I says, tryin' to attract the attention of the lord's nephew, and the fellow elbowed his way through the crowd to where I was.

"'What do you think of it?' I says.

"'Bah, Jove,' he says, 'I think it's a decided success, don't-cher-know,' he says.

"'A success?' I says.

"'Most decidedly,' he says.

"'What kind of a success?' I says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'friends meet, have a friendly cup of tea, gossip a little, and go home.'

"Dannie Donald the Bad Man appeared to see the point, but I couldn't see the point, that is, if these young duvils thought that I could see any fun in those bloodless festivities.

"'Let's go,' I says.

"'All right, Captain,' they both said together, and we elbowed our way through the crush to the entrance where Mrs. Tuft-Hunter was smilin' and shakin' hands with the recruits comin' in and with the wounded goin' out.

"I wondered how she could look so pleasant if she heared half the nasty remarks the unfair sex were makin' about her, but then I thought that she had protected her feelings by keepin' the ear next the crowd stogged with cotton wool. That was my first fall from the grace of our rugged ancesters, my dear friend. I thought it would be the last, but I fell again."

"Did you attend another of those abominable affairs?" asked the disgusted newspaper man.

"Wal—no," drawled the sea-devil, "not exactly the same, but it was sufficiently bad to warrant me in countin' it a fall, although I had more fun out of hittin' my knees when I slipped the second time than I did the first time I fell.

"It was this way, you see. Dannie Donald the Bad Man was in his last year at college, and the students' combine of all the colleges decided to give an *At Home.* I was invited, and so was George Dawn. I kicked like a mule at first, because the boys wanted me to wear swallow-tailed raiment—they might as well have asked me to wear a dress—but we finally compromised on a black suit, and I got ready to go.

"I took the precaution of havin' some good Scotch whiskey within reach for fear my eyes might begin playin' tricks on me again; fact, I had a flask in my breast pocket with a quill stickin' out of the cork, so that all I had to do when I wanted a drink was to take the cap off the top of the quill and drink refreshments up against the dryness in my throat.

"Dawn took Mamie the Widow Billie the Gentleman, Dannie took Mary the Widow Captain John, the two widows took each other, and I swung along in the rear of the procession. The widows wanted me to walk between them, but ketch me walkin' between two of those cussed creatures. Why, each would have grabbed me by the arm like the Widow Captain John did the day I took her to that formal dinner of infernal memory, and I didn't want that. I made the excuse of wantin' to smoke, and jogged along behind the outfit until we came to the college, which was ablaze with light.

"We entered by the main door while the orchestra played *Turkey in the Straw.* The cussed women were then taken to one dressin'-room by a purty darn nice-lookin' girl with the conventional long neck and bare arms, while a black-and-white spider invited us

into his temporary parlour for the purpose of gettin' us to take off our coats.

"Wal—as soon as we were ready, we were handed over to another black-and-white spider who brought us into a room all decorated with different coloured cotton, palms, flowers, cetera, to where three women stood dishin' out new hand-shakes. I felt my heart comin' up into my throat as soon as I entered the room, so I had to get my mouth down to the quill and take a pull out of the flask. That settled my depression of spirits for the time bein', and I looked fairly pleasant undergoin' the new-hand-shake stunts which sent a cold chill down my back, necessitatin' another pull at the quill, although I could nuver get on to what particular kind of game shakin' hands with those women was.

"In the excitement of the moment, too, I didn't notice that most of the women weren't what I'd call decently dressed—such a collection of bare arms and protrudin' collar bones, I nuver see'd in all my life. I wouldn't mind a particularly vain damsel doin' a stunt of that kind for the purpose of showin' a plump arm or a swan-like throat.

"But, heaven bless you, Bill Bones, the aggregation of arms looked like a graveyard after comin' to life! I thought Mamie and

Mary were eligible for the asylum when I saw them leavin' the house in the depth of winter with what looked like last summer's dresses on, but then I thought that perhaps the poor girls couldn't afford new raiment for the function par excellence of the season. But they were dressed.

"'What happened the women, Dannie?' I says to my protégé.

"'What women?' he says.

"'The women that left some of their raiment at home,' I says.

"'Oh,' he says, 'they are in regulation full dress!' he says.

"'Full dress?' I says. 'Some of them aren't what I'd call half dressed,' I says, 'and I want to tell you right here that you and George Dawn had all kinds of gall to ask me to come to this collar-bone-and-elbow show. Look at that pompous old hen struttin' over this way. If she thinks that three rows of beads and a gold bracelet are sufficient raiment for collar bones and bare arms in the depth of winter, she's welcome to her idea of dressin' decently,' I says.

"Mad? But wasn't I mad? I wasn't only mad—I was disgusted, and I told George Dawn that if he thought the scene partic-

ularly charmin', I thought it about as charmin' as a flock of half-picked geese. I told the boys, too, that I had an idea of gettin' out, but they told me that there would be lots of fun later on, so I took another pull out of my bottle and decided to await developments. I thought a bunch of doctors and undertakers were back of the whole affair. It looked like that to me anyhow.

"Wal—when uverybody got his hand shaken in the most up-to-date manner, the orchestra adjourned to the dance-room upstairs, and such dancin' I nuver see'd in all my life. At one time it was whirl, whirl, whirl, to dreamy music; at another, it was 1-2-3 and a kick, 1-2-3 and a kick, to *Darkey's Dream.*

"The whole thing was run accordin' to schedule. Each black-and-white spider had a schedule, each set of collar bones and elbows had a schedule, the orchestra leader had a schedule, and you'd see nothing but fellows flittin' back and forth makin' dates for the next whirl, or the next 1-2-3 and a kick.

"It took about ten nips out of the flask to make me begin to see the funny side of the affair, and when I did, I had all kinds of amusement. Dannie Donald the Bad Man

and George Dawn did a little whirlin' with Mamie and Mary Captain John, but I noticed both of them were mighty subdued in that colossal exhibition of foolishness.

"After a while I got hold of Dannie, and we sat away from the crowd and took chips off the whole outfit. 'Such a collection of collar bones and elbows,' I says. 'You could turn the bunch into a museum,' I says.

"'How would it be to turn on the water?' he says.

"'I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll turn the hose on the outfit,' I says—a stunt easy of accomplishment, for the college had magnificent protection from fire.

"'Make it a thousand and I'll do it,' he says.

"'Go ahead,' I says, and only I held my hand over that little duvil's mouth, he'd have sung out *Fire* and then turned the hose on the crowd.

"Just then the Widow Captain John came over and asked Dannie if he wouldn't take poor Miss Boggs for a dance. 'Why,' she says, 'she hadn't one dance this evening. Come along and I'll present you,' she says.

"'Where is she?' says Dannie, and I could see that the lad had his eyes wide open.

"'Over there,' says my landlady.

"'Do you see that purty girl with the pale-blue sash?' she says.

"'In full dress?' he says.

"'Yes,' she says.

"'Wal,' says Dannie, 'I really don't care to,' he says.

"'Why?' she says.

"'Wal,' he says, 'if you press me for the reason,' he says, right out from the shoulder, 'it's because I have more respect for myself than to dance with a girl who is so anxious to display her collar bones and elbows,' he says.

"I could see that the Widow Captain John was half pleased and half mad; half pleased, because she had her eye on Dannie for a son-in-law; half mad, because he turned her proposition down so mighty unceremoniously.

"But if his prospective mother-in-law wasn't wholly pleased, I was. 'Bully for you, Dannie,' I says, givin' him a vigorous slap between the shoulders. 'I'm proud of you, my boy,' I says, 'for your heart is sound to the core.' It was sound, too, old chap—sound right in to the seeds."

"It's a wonder women don't go barefooted, or only wear sandals, at those functions, Captain."

"What reason could they possibly have for such a cussed stunt, old pal?"

"A desire to exhibit pretty ankles," Bones chuckled.

"My dear fellow," said the sea-dog, "you are a dangerous person to have at large. One hint from you on the subject, in the columns of *The New York Thunderer,* would make bare feet the vogue for the next half century. The bare-head-for-women craze was likely started in a similar way. You should get ten years with hard labour for even hintin' at such a thing. But to continue my story: comin' on one o'clock, we fed ourselves, and shortly afterwards, the cussed widows decided to go home. I wasn't sorry, for I was sick of what they call high life."

"And that's high life!"

"That's high life, Bones, old pal. Tea-fights, bloodless battlefields, new hand-shakin' to rag-time music, 1-2-3 and a kick, black-and-white spiders, swallow-tail raiment, collar bones and elbows—bah! Those cussed women!"

"Those cussed daughters of mother Eve!" echoed *The Thunderer's* irrepressible, who had begun to absorb some of the smuggler's prejudice against the gentle sex.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOME STRETCH.

Next morning, Mr. Bones planned to leave Big Frog Pond, but before going he was anxious to know how Mamie Widow Billie the Gentleman fared with George Dawn.

"With the lord's nephew?"

"Yes, Captain," *The Thunderer* assented, pulling hard at his pipe.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "you are certainly bound to pump me out before you go, but I am nuver loath to respond to the pump-handle when it's a question of Mamie and George Dawn. You see I had both of those love-sick creatures completely under my thumb.

"If Mamie got cuttin' up any of her daughter-of-Eve shines, all I had to do was to threaten to tell George Dawn about the dancin' lessons, and she'd go down into her boots just the same as if she was hit on the head with a sledge.

"As for poor Dawn, all I had to do was to

produce the bottle of potassium cyanide whenuver he got threatenin' to do any stunts that didn't meet with my approval. The suspense was dreadful for both of those poor duvils, but they had implicit confidence in me, and each let me play the game.

"I told Mamie I'd land the lord's nephew for her as sure as she was a foot high, if she only did what I told her, and I told Dawn that I'd head off the wealthy New York saw-bones if I had to go all the way down there with a shot-gun. And both enjoyed the blissful agony of suspense!

"But a couple of days before Dannie Donald the Bad Man was ready to be admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia, I told George Dawn it was about time for him to get busy —that Mamie promised the New York saw-bones an answer the next day—and I told him that I considered he was justified in askin' Mamie if she'd be foolish enough to hitch up with him, if that's the slang of the game, and the poor duvil began walkin' about a foot above the ground.

"'Don't be too sure, Dawn,' I says, 'for although Mamie is a purty darn nice girl, she's a daughter of Eve,' I says, 'and then there's that wealthy New York saw-bones,' I says. But still he was jubilant. 'Remem-

ber the faithless English girl, George,' I says, 'and don't pin too much faith to the cussed sex,' I says. But he only laughed. 'All right,' I says, 'if you get turned down, you'll only have yourself to blame for it.'

"Nothing could dampen the ardour of the lord's nephew who went down to a jeweller's and had the ring the English girl throwed back in his face cut a size smaller—it took him three weeks to get the size of Mamie's engagement finger, howuver he got it, I don't know. But that is make no difference. When he came back I noticed he wasn't quite so jubilant.

"'Bah, Jove, Captain,' he says, 'I wonder if there's bad luck followin' this ring,' he says.

"'Bad luck?' I says. 'Go 'way, boy,' I says. 'It wasn't the ring that was at fault. It was the heart of that cussed girl,' I says.

"'I guess you're right there, Captain,' he says.

"Wal—after dinner that day, I told Mamie that Dawn was comin' up to the house that night, and I advised her to be dressed in the best clothes she had to the world. 'For if you don't get the fellow to bite to-night,' I says, 'he may nuver be so near bitin' again,' I says.

"More than that, Bill Bones, I told her about the imaginary rival Dawn had in the wealthy New York doctor, and she nearly bu'sted her sides laughin'. Poor, foolish, little creature! She was as happy over the whole performance as if she was just goin' to be sentenced to paradise for all eternity.

"'Now that you know all, Mamie,' I says, 'it is up to you to play your cards right,' I says. 'But remember that George Dawn has blue blood in his veins and you are only a poor Cape Breton girl,' I says, 'so for your own future peace and happiness, make the blawsted Englishman come all the ways,' I says. 'You will then be priceless in his eyes, on general principles,' I says, 'for that only is worth havin' which costs an effort to get,' I says.

"'I'm so grateful for your kindness,' she says, tears spillin' down over her face, for it's truly wonderful, my dear William, how quickly those cussed women can turn on the water in their eyes!

"How did the poor little girl get along?" asked the guest.

"Wal," drawled the host, "she more than got along."

"I am glad to hear it, Captain."

"I was out that evening, and I didn't get

home until nearly one o'clock. But Mamie sat up waitin' to give me the news, and when I came in she met me at the door, her face spillin' over with happiness.

"'How did you fare, Mamie?' I says, knowin' well enough by the look on her face, that she had landed the lord's nephew.

"'Fare, Captain?' she says. 'Look at that,' she says, holdin' up her engagement finger on which Dawn's engagement ring glistened.

"It was a beauty, too, for it cost Dawn fifty-six pounds sterling, and it shone like the evening star, but bright as it was, it was nothing to the light that shone in Mamie's eyes.

"'Tell us all about it, Mamie,' I says.

"'Will you promise nuver to tell?' she says.

"'Nuver mind your darn nonsense,' I says. 'Give us the whole story,' I says, for I know'd well enough that she was just dyin' to tell me.

"Wal—it appears the lord's nephew called at the conventional hour, all brushed and shaved and oil of roses. Mamie's mother met him at the door and escorted him in to the parlour where the expectant girl sat readin'.

She looked surprised, of course, and glad, too, I suppose, and she was a trifle queenly, which made George feel anything but at ease.

"Things went very pleasantly, and, as usual, Dawn asked Mamie to sing. Of course, she sang, for that was part of the game, and the cunnin' little duvil selected a song that was supposed to be addressed by a girl to a lover she could only love in paradise. 'I can only love you,' she sang sweetly, 'in eternity—in e-ter-nity!'

"That made George dizzy. 'Bah, Jove,' he says, 'that's an exquisite song, and you interpreted its beauties like a nightingale,' he says.

"'Oh, Mr. Dawn!' says Mamie.

"'And do you know what?' he says, stammerin' along.

"'What's that?' Mamie asked.

"'What a blessed thing it would be for me to hope that you'd even love me in eternity,' he says, 'for I love you, dearest,' he added, bu'stin' into poetry, 'with a man's true love!'

"Wal—that was Dawn's first bite. Mamie blushed, sighed, looked down at her locket, but said nothing. Wasn't she a star actress, old chap, when she had all she could do to keep from jumpin' down Dawn's throat

But she only looked into Dawn's light blue eyes, coughin' up a second sigh which set the lord's nephew crazy.

"'Mamie,' he says.

"'Oh, George, George,' she says, 'why did you say that?' she says, grabbin' the locket.

"'Because I love you so,' says Dawn. 'Just say that I may hope,' he says, 'that some day——'

"'How can I answer you?' she says. 'How can I say——'

"'Oh, do not say no,' he cried. 'Will you not take time to adjudicate upon the matter?' he says, as she still held on to the locket. 'Do not shut off all hope?' he says. 'Let me still hope,' he says.

"'Do you really love me?' she says.

"'Love you, dearest?' he says. 'Yes,' he says, 'better than my life,' he says.

"She then opened the locket, took out the picture of the wealthy New York sawbones—a card with the price of the locket marked on it—Dawn swore that he had side-whiskers—and she looked at the picture fondly.

"'Wealth, influence, social position, in one of the greatest cities in the world,' she says, tearin' the picture up and closin' the locket, 'or love and happiness with a poor boy,' she

says, holdin' out both hands to Dawn, who grabbed them like a drownin' man.

"'With me?' he gasped.

"'With you,' she says, 'for I love you best of all,' she says.

"'And then?' I says.

"'Dawn kissed me,' she says. 'But don't you tell, Captain,' she says.

"'Only onct?' I says. 'For,' I says, 'I'd take George to be quite a kissin'-bug if he got started,' I says.

"'Wal,' she says, 'he kissed me more than onct,' she says.

"'That's what I'd expect,' I says. 'Then George placed this ring on my finger,' she says, 'and made me the happiest girl in the whole world.'

"'Wal—Mamie,' I says, 'I don't think you used George Dawn square,' I says.

"'How?' she says, bristlin' up considerably.

"'Wal,' I says, 'you gaffed the wretched fellow in the heart and then dragged him around the whole room, spillin' the poor duvil's heart's blood all over the furniture,' I says.

"'Didn't you tell me to make him come all the way?' she says.

"'Wal—yes,' I says, 'but I didn't expect you to prolong the agony beyond reason,' I says. 'Couldn't you close the bargain without all that manœuvrin'?' I says.

"'With less blissful agony?' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I am absolutely disgusted, Mamie,' I says. But the happy girl only laughed in my face. 'Did your mother appear on the scene with the usual feed for Dawn?' I says.

"'Yes,' she says, 'mamma brought him a delicious lunch before I began to sing,' she says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'that's what I call jiggin' a poor duvil by the appetite and then coaxin' him to bite with a song,' I says, for it's those cussed women, my dear Bones! They're such schemers! 'Be true to him, Mamie,' I says, 'even though you didn't ketch him altogether fair,' I says.

"'All is fair,' she says, 'in love——'

"But not wishin' to listen to any more of that kind of rot, I made a bee-line for my room.

"Next day, Dannie Donald the Bad Man was admitted to the Bar of Nova Scotia, and before he became a full-fledged disciple of Satan, I took him to one side and gave him some good advice.

"'See here, Dannie,' I says, 'I have one thing I want you to promise me,' I says.

"'I'll promise you anything, Captain,' he says, 'for you were mighty good to me,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'you were practisin' long enough before the Bar of Booze,' I says, 'and now that you are about to begin practisin' before the Bar of Nova Scotia,' I says, 'I want you to cut out the booze end of your practise,' I says.

"'But I'll have to set up the drinks for the boys after I am admitted to-day,' he says.

"'Leave that to me,' I says, 'and I'll warrant you I'll give the boys something in the booze line they'll not soon forget,' I says.

"'All right,' he says.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I want you to give me your word of honour as my protégé that you will not taste any kind of booze, includin' ale, porter, cetera, for a period of twenty years,' I says.

"'I give you my word of honour,' he says, 'but mighty reluctantly,' he says, 'for I do really enjoy an occasional drink,' he says.

"'No more booze for twenty years,' I says.

"'All right,' he says, so we proceeded to

the court-house where Dannie Donald the Duvil was made a full-fledged disciple before a bench full of lordships, one of whom praised Dannie up so high that I could see the fellow expandin' his chest.

"After the performance was over, and after Dannie was sworn in and had signed the Barristers' Roll, I told him to duck out of sight—that I was goin' to take charge of his loiterin' bunch of thirsty admirers whom I led down to the bar of the Bluenose Hotel.

"'What'll you's have?' I says.

"Some ordered champagne, others whiskey, others gin, but they all got cold water, which cost me five dollars, that amount having gone to the bar-tender in advance.

"'Dannie's on a twenty-year keg,' I says, 'so you'll have to drink to his health from the city waterworks,' I says, and there was a general laugh all around. 'But I'm on the bar-room floor,' I says, 'so if you'll repeat your orders,' I says, 'I'll see that they're filled,' and we had a round of booze over the joke.

"When I got back to my office, Dannie was ahead of me, and I advised him to lose no time in proposin' to Mary Captain John. 'You will have to paddle your own canoe

from this on,' I says, 'and you might as well settle down at onct,' I says. 'I'm goin' to cut the tow-line,' I says.

"The poor little duvil was kind of discouraged over prospects. 'Do you know what?' he says. 'I think I made a mistake studyin' law,' he says. 'I think I should have studied medicine,' he says.

"If he slapped me on the face, I'd be less surprised.

"'Yes,' I says, 'I'd like to see you gettin' up a cold night in winter and drivin' ten miles in a snowstorm to see a sick child,' I says, 'and when you'd get to the house, you'd find that the kid only had a fit of bad temper,' I says.

"'I'd charge just the same,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says, 'and you'd get paid in the neck.'

"'Wal,' he says, 'it's purty darn tough to lose a case on a poor client who would have to pay the costs of both sides, with what should go to support his wife and little children,' he says.

"'But if you were a doctor you'd probably kill the clients,' I says, 'and then the widows and orphans would have undertakers' bills to pay in addition to your fees as executioner,' I says. 'Propose to Mary Captain

John,' I says, 'and settle down,' I says, 'for if the worst comes to the worst, I don't mind helpin' you out a little now and then,' I says.

"Wal—about eight o'clock that evening, I heared talkin' on the verandah. It was Dannie and Mary. Dannie was fairly goin' into ecstacies over Mary's golden hair and her beautiful blue eyes and her pearly teeth, and Mary was purrin' like a good-natured kitten.

"'Good luck to you, my boy,' I says to myself as I listened to what was goin' on from the parlour window.

"'I suppose you would rather marry a wealthy fellow with a good home and social position?' says Dannie, for a starter.

"'No,' says Mary, 'I'd rather marry a young man strugglin' in the world, for then he'd take an interest in his home, and it would be easier to help him and make him happy,' she says.

"Wal—I nearly broke up the game by hurrahin' out 'loud. I nuver had such a hard job to hold on to my tongue.

"'But,' says Mary, 'I suppose you would rather marry a girl with wealth than a poor girl?' she says.

"'Why, of course,' he says, and Mary hove a sigh that must have come from her boots. Dannie caught right on. 'A girl with a

wealth of golden hair,' he says, 'and a heart that is true,' he says. 'Wouldn't it be great fun to be engaged?' he says.

"'Wouldn't it?' says Mary.

"'Then let's get engaged,' he says.

"'All right,' she says, and they settled the difficulty then and there without any rubbish about love's own sake, cetera, although poor Dannie's arm turned thief and stole around the back of Mary's chair.

"Just then I came on the scene, and broke up the picnic. Mary blushed, and shot into the house, and Dannie looked as happy as if he had been paradin' the streets of paradise.

"'So you got her?' I says.

"'Yes,' he says. 'She's mine,' he says. 'And do you know what?' he says.

"'What's that?' I says.

"'I wish you would only take a notion to hitch up with the old hen,' he says.

"'What old hen?' I says.

"'Mary's mother,' he says.

"'Wal—Dannie,' I says, 'you'll do,' I says, 'for any fellow that will start in takin' chips off his prospective mother-in-law inside of five minutes after gettin' engaged to her daughter is all right,' I says. 'But as for marryin' the old dame herself,' I says, 'I'd just as lief commit suicide,' I says.

"'One kiss from the old girl would make your heart flutter,' he says, intoxicated with the game.

"'Wal,' I says, 'I'd rather get a bite from an alligator. Of course,' I says, 'I don't dislike the old dame at all, for she's a mighty good housekeeper, but she's a daughter of Eve like the rest of the cussed sex, Dannie,' I says, and he bu'sted out laughin'. 'I believe in keepin' them on their own side of the fence,' I says. 'I have seen all kinds of looks on the human face,' I says. 'I can stand the endorse-a-note look, the lend-me-five-dollars look, the give-me-a-quarter look, but I can't stand the makin's-of-a-good-home look of convetousness in the old hen's eyes,' I says, 'for she's a typical daughter of Eve, and her place is on the side of the fence facin' the kitchen,' I says, 'so don't talk any more about that kind of nonsense to me, Dannie, for you might get yourself disliked,' I says.

"Wal—there was weepin' and gnashin' of teeth the next day when I sent Dannie Donald the Duvil to Sydney for three months—Mary did the weepin', while Dannie kept his teeth busy, thinkin' he was a badly used boy. I soon had another pair of eyes weepin' and another set of teeth gnashin' when I got the General Manager of the Federal Bank

to send George Dawn to Charlottetown for a few months.

"Of course, the whole outfit know'd well enough that I was at the bottom of the trouble, and they were quite sore about it. I didn't say nothing, for I was on the home stretch. I bought a couple of lots of land on Paradise Row and built two houses, each costin' six thousand. I then furnished each exactly alike, and began organizin' the Cape Breton Loan Company with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars.

"As soon as I got the new company organized, I sent for Dannie and George, makin' Dannie chief solicitor and first vice-president at two thousand dollars a year, and Dawn secretary-treasurer and chief accountant at two thousand a year. I retained the position of president and managing director myself, although I intended to let the boys run the business.

"'Now, get hitched up at onct,' I says, and there was joy in Halifax for two love-sick couples.

"They did hitch up, old pal, and the very day they were married I took them around to Paradise Row. 'Here's a nest for each pair,' I says.

"Their delight was simply boundless, al-

though they didn't quite ketch on to my idea of a lease from year to year at a dollar a year with a clause for cancellation on one month's notice."

"What was your idea, Captain?" asked the parting guest.

"Wal," drawled the sea-dog, "I was afraid that if I gave a deed that those cussed women would get jealous of each other and would begin fightin'. I had each house built and furnished exactly alike, but then perhaps Mamie would begin puttin' on the airs of a prospective Lady Bismuth, and perhaps she would start in throwin' up to Mary Captain John that she only got a son of old Donald the Bad Man after all—you know I wouldn't put anything past her after the gag about those dancin' lessons. Mary wouldn't say anything, but she would tell Dannie, and then I see where the Cape Breton Loan Company would drop into the hands of a receiver inside of a couple of months."

"How?"

"Wal," Captain Roderick declared, "the fight would extend from the back yards of the twin houses to the offices of the loan company, then good-bye rabbit! It's those women, my dear old Bones!"

"It's those women!" repeated *The Thun-*

derer. "Those cussed daughters of the human race!"

L'ENVOIE.

The day before Thanksgiving, a handsome, ruddy-cheeked, distinguished-looking man entered the editorial rooms of *The New York Thunderer.* No one recognized him.

"Chief in?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," someone answered.

Bones crossed over to the editor's sanctum, and entered it unceremoniously.

"Good-morning, Chief," he said pleasantly, extending his hand.

"Good-morning," said the great editor. "Be seated, please. Anything I can do for you?"

Bones roared out laughing.

"Is that you, Bill Bones? Give us another shake of your hand, old chap. I didn't know you at all, you've changed so much. You're looking mighty well, my dear fellow. How are you feeling?"

"Splendidly, thank you," said Bones. "Gained fifty-seven pounds in two months. Had the time of my life. Glorious weather, glorious scenery, and one of the greatest characters that ever lived for my companion."

"I see you ran across more than health up there in Cape Breton, old chap. I am delighted with your work, and I may as well tell you now that a promotion and a very substantial increase in salary will be yours in a couple of days."

"Thank you very much," said Bones.

That evening, Captain Roderick received the following telegram:

"Arrived safely. Feeling splendidly. If you decide to run for a seat in the Canadian house of commons at any time, do not forget to let me know. Deeply grateful for all your kindness. Best wishes,

"Bill Bones."

"That telegram contains a very sassy suggestion about goin' into federal politics," the smuggler whispered to himself, after he had read it over two or three times. "Isn't he a bad actor to put such a very wicked idea into my head? . . . House of Commons, Ottawa. . . . Dear old Bones!"

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